

*Read Room*

# BRENTANO'S BOOK CHAT

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**BRENTANO'S**

Washington

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Interesting  
HARVARD  
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Reading

### Public Opinion in War and Peace

A. Lawrence Lowell

Social psychology proposes few questions of deeper interest than the formation and expression of public opinion, a question that President Lowell here investigates with scientific insight and literary skill. Of particular interest are his references to the expulsion of the Socialists from the New York Legislature, the negro problem, the direct primary, and the materialist reaction since the war. The book is a critique of present-day society that cannot be neglected by any one who wishes to penetrate below the surface of contemporary life. \$2.50

### Argonauts of '49

Octavius T. Howe

Few authors have presented with greater vividness than Dr. Howe the ever-fascinating details of the voyages to the Gold Coast seventy-five years ago and the strange experiences of the California pioneers. His narrative, which considers only the Massachusetts emigrants, is based largely upon the records left by the Argonauts themselves, their private letters, their log-books, and the minutes and journals of their companies, none of which have yet been published and most of which are in private possession. The illustrations include many famous vessels of the time. \$3.50

### Printing Types: Their History, Forms, and Use

D. B. Updike

Immediately hailed as "the most important contribution to the printing industry that has ever been published," this work appeals to the collector and the general reader as well as to printers, because of the emphasis placed on the literary and artistic aspects of typography. "These are volumes which it would be difficult to overpraise. In them lie, not bare facts of printing history, nor details of technical progress in the craft, but a master printer's story of types, their characteristics and their survival, and of the taste which can raise typography from a craft to an art."—FREDERIC G. MELCHER in the *Atlantic Monthly*. 2 vols. \$15.00 the set

### Bismarck's Diplomacy at Its Zenith

Joseph V. Fuller

Based on the latest German publications, this study covers the years 1886 and 1887, a period of the utmost tension between Germany and France as well as of constant danger of war, over Bulgaria, between Russia and Austria, to both of which Germany was allied. It closes with the Chancellor's great speech in February, 1888, the culminating point in his career. "Dr. Fuller has accomplished his work in a way that leaves little to be desired."—*New York Herald*. \$3.50

### The Principles of English Versification

Paull F. Baum

"A book like this does not destroy but rather increases the power of enjoyment, for it does not overwhelm us with the details of prosody viewed as an accurate science so much as it shows us the underlying principles whereon the beauty of poetry is built."—*Springfield Republican*. "I know no book on its subject that I can so confidently recommend to lovers of poetry, be they prosodists or not, for it combines two qualities rarely found together in such books—esthetic appreciation and technical knowledge."—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE in the *New York Times*. \$2.00

**HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS**

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1923: MIDWINTER

# THE SHINING ROAD



*A Full Length Novel By*  
**Bernice Brown**

In this volume Miss Brown, who has already an enviable reputation in the short story field, takes her proper place among the serious portrayers of American life.

It is the tale of a young boy who was "placed out" on an Iowa farm. Iowa may seem a prosaic background, but adventure is a thing of spirit. Through all this boy's youthful struggles, through his difficult progress to self-understanding runs the most vivid drama of all, the drama that is common to every life. His story is one in which each of us can identify himself and at the end we can stand with Stephen Douglas on the shining road to the world. \$1.75

## THE CHARING CROSS MYSTERY

By J. S. Fletcher

*Author of "The Yellow Murder  
Mystery," etc.*

There are so many "hot trails" in this murder mystery—so many possible motives and logical suspects that the young lawyer and the police detective working hand in hand, are led off into a series of highly exciting adventures. But in the end the criminal over-reaches—and falls. \$2.00

## PERADVENTURE

Robert Keable's

Striking New Novel

is a book to be even more widely discussed than this author's "Simon Called Peter," for it tells fearlessly, and often startlingly, of a man's religious experiences and his search for a faith that will bring him peace.

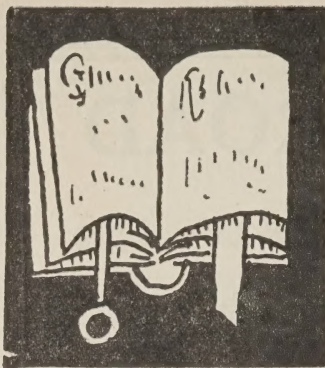
This story "follows a path that many men and women have trodden in this generation and does it with a frankness that is refreshing," says the New York *Herald*. \$2.00

New York

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

London





# Old and Rare Books.

THE other day we went into the Old and Rare Department, among the high shelves of proud old, wise old, big old books. It is a sacerdotal place to us, a secret fane; for the ghosts of ancient mages walk sedately there.

With ghostly hands they touch the backs of thick vellum or sheepskin volumes; their fingers trace deep gilded Gothic lettering; they whisper to themselves of sciences which were old when the Montezumas gave living sacrifices to the sun. They were very calm, the old ghosts. It will be several centuries before we are such a calm old ghost.

A magazine screams loudly, like an infant with prickly rash. A new book talks arrogantly like a young man, about conquest of the world, and the new vision, and the fatuity of everything which was when it wasn't. But an old book sits ponderously with folded hands, speaking lowly, thinking deep thoughts, filled with visions of the truth which has always been and will be forever after.

Ten books published in the year 1922 totaled two million copies. Some single volumes of the old books cost the patient and indefatigable work of a man his whole life long. How much, we asked, for a rare manuscript Bible of the fifteenth century? Eighteen hundred dollars. Princes once gave villas and mansions, or a fistful of Indian rubies, or fifty slaves taken in war, for a single book. Eighteen hundred dollars for the ceaseless craftsmanship of a life, for the price of palaces and spoils of war and living souls. The cost of books is coming down, beyond Caxton's dreams.

This manuscript Bible was written in black roman-lettered Latin, each letter no bigger than ten point modern type, which is the type you are reading. Visualize the delicacy of that unknown copyist's hand which never faltered! and never tired. Imagine the singleness of purpose, the strength of faith which urged him on through days and nights through years. His eyes must have been not four inches from the page; his fingers must have been warped into close pressure at the tips, like the petals of a bud. He must have hungered much, his blood must have grown thin. The misal letters sprinkled thickly over the pages are crimson and azure blue. Aquamarine, that blue. But whence the crimson? Cochineal had not been discovered in the unknown West Indies. Was that crimson, as its color seemed, as its color surely symbolized, blood of the scholar's heart?

The armorial bindings of many old printed books we found beautiful. On thick leather covers such as sheep and kine don't grow nowadays are embossed in clear gold leaf the heraldic bearings of old houses. The arms of Charles I adorn the calf cover of *Of the Institution of the Sacrament* (1655); the arms of the Duchesse de Berri are on the morocco cover of Fontanelle's *Entretiens son la Pluralité* (1820); the arms of Madame Pompadour, mistress of a throne, on Boursault's *Le Prince de Condé* (1739); the arms of Louis XVIII, King of France for a little hour, on the three volumes of Sage's *Analyse Chimique* (1786); arms of Louis XV on *Abrégé de l'Ancien Testament* (1764); arms of Marie Lezin-





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*The New York Tribune* says: "'1492' is by odds the best book that Mary Johnston has ever written. To read such a book is to be sensibly enriched."

*The New York Evening Post* says: "'1492' is one of those artistic interpretations of a national hero which posterity accepts as final."

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*The New York Times* says: "'Peregrine's Progress' is written in the style which admirers of Mr. Farnol's 'The Broad Highway' found so charming—leisurely, detailed, colorful. The story breathes the very air of romance in every word."

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ska, wife of Louis XV, on a bound volume of the *Mercure de France* (1740). Ancient and proud names these, "old dead minds gone into dust again." Yet that which made their minds alive, their books, live on. The idle scribbling of some starvling thinker, printed in the *Mercure* two hundred years ago, has more permanency, more vitality, than all the regal imaginings of the Magnificent.

New books now available in the Old and Rare Department we noted include:

*The Life and Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, by Miguel de Cervantes; four volumes, 18mo, with portrait, bound in full contemporary black morocco, gilt back and side borders. This is the translation of Charles Jarvis, published in London, 1821 (\$20).

*The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.; including a Journal of His Tour to the Hebrides*, by James Boswell. This is a remarkably handsome copy of the famous biography, illustrated with fifty engraved plates, in ten volumes, 12mo, half polished calf, gilt; published in London, 1846 (\$50).

*The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser*, edited by Philip Masterman, in five volumes, small 8vo, bound in tree-calf, gilt, with portrait. This is the beautifully printed Pickering edition, published in London, 1825 (\$35).

*The Poetical Works of John Milton*, edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, with illustrations by J. M. W. Turner; six volumes, 12mo, contemporary calf, gilt, published in London, 1835 (\$35).

*The Works, in Prose and Verse, of Thomas Gray, including the Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, edited by Edmund Gosse and D. C. Tovey, five volumes, with portrait, 12mo, half red morocco, green labels. This is the definitive edition of 1902-12. (\$20).

*The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare*, with a life, glossary, and notes by A. J. Valpy, fifteen volumes, with portrait, 18mo, half maroon morocco gilt, published in London, 1832 (\$50).

*Plutarch's Lives*, translated from the original Greek, and with critical and historical notes, and a new life of Plutarch, by John and William Langhorne; six volumes, with frontispieces 12mo, contemporary mottled calf, published in London, 1803 (\$12).

*The Works of Monsieur J. B. Poquelin de Molière*, six volumes, with portrait engraved by Vertue, 12mo, contemporary calf, published in London, 1714 (\$16).

*The Life of George Washington*, by Washington Irving, in five volumes, small 8vo, with portraits, half calf, gilt, published in Philadelphia 1873 (\$12.50).

*Letters Written by the late Right Honourable Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, to his Son, together with Other Pieces*, in four volumes, 8vo, contemporary calf, rebaked; published in London, 1774 (\$25).

*The Lives of the Norths*, by Roger North, including an autobiography of the author; edited by Augustus Jessopp; in three volumes, small 8vo, tree-calf bound, gilt, with portraits, published in London, 1890 (\$10).

*Secret Memoirs and Manners of Several People of Quality of Both Sexes, from the New Atlantis, an Island in the Mediterranean*. This fantastic and curious story is supposed to have been translated from the Italian. It was first published in London, 1736, in four volumes, 12mo, bound in contemporary calf (\$12).

*A Biography of Charles Godfrey Land*, by Elizabeth R. Pennell; two volumes, half red polished calf, gilt, with many illustrations, published in London, 1906 (\$8).

*The Universal Songster; or museum of Mirth, forming the Most Complete, Extensive, and Valuable Collection of Ancient and Modern Songs in the English Language*; illustrated by George and Robert Cruikshank, three volumes, 8vo, half calf, published in London, 1828 (\$15).

*Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs*; eight volumes, profusely illustrated with engraved portraits, 12mo, half calf, gilt, published in London, 1860 (\$20).





P. T. Fours has announced in public print a new year's resolution as follows: "To call no more than 33 1-3% of our books great." We know about hell being paved with such resolves and refuse to add our pavement block at this time. The following selections from our list of MARCH PUBLICATIONS may well be termed "great" books.

### **A PLEA FOR MONOGAMY** - by Wilfred Lay \$3.

In this book Dr. Lay explains why some men and women tend toward infidelity, but instead of asking a question, he answers to the satisfaction of many scientists who have read his work in manuscript, how a healthy and prosperous worldly life can be built on the basis of a full and exclusive monogamy. Dr. Lay's book definitely helps one toward the realization of the monogamic ideal.

### **THESE UNITED STATES** - - - \$3.

States like people have a physical and spiritual personality. In this volume 27 different states are analyzed and pictured for us by such distinguished writers as Robert Herrick, H. L. Mencken, Ludwig Lewisohn, Zona Gale, John Macy, Edmund Wilson, Jr., etc. Dorothy Canfield Fisher writes about Vermont, "Our rich little poor state;" William Allen White about Kansas, "A Puritan survival;" Mary Austin about Arizona, "The land of joyous adventure," etc. This book is both romantic and authoritative. The love of one's state not clouding the searching intelligence of the authors. We predict this book will be rated one of the most important non-fiction publications of 1923.

### **STORIES OF THE FIRST AMERICAN ANIMALS** by George Langford \$2.50

With colored frontispiece and 37 full page illustrations by the Author.

In this fascinating book for children from 10 to 16 Mr. Langford has written the story of the strange animals which were moving from place to place in the United States before we have any record of man's activities. The stories have the delight of the Kipling Jungle Books. There is Eohippus, the Dawn Horse; Poebro, the Toy Camel; and every child will be fascinated by the adventures of Mamut, the last of the Mastodons. Teachers, parents, children, will welcome this book.

### **YOU AND ME** - - - by Paul Gerald \$1.50

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This book has sold over 50,000 copies in France. No more delightful poetry than these verses delicately treating of love's adventures has been issued in recent years. Being French, they touch the heart of the World; being Paul Gerald, they touch the heart of France; and in the happy version done into English they will touch the hearts of all lovers in America.

### **THE SECRET OF WOMAN** by Helen Jerome \$2.

This book dedicated to H. L. Mencken sets up and proves her own judgment of woman. All through the ages men have been interpreting the mental processes of women. Here at last we have an analysis of female psychology based not on second hand interpretation, but a frank acknowledgment of woman's limitations and potentialities, of her intellectual and spiritual power. *Everyone should be interested in a frank estimate of women written by a woman.*

### **MURDO** - - - by Konrad Bercovici \$2.

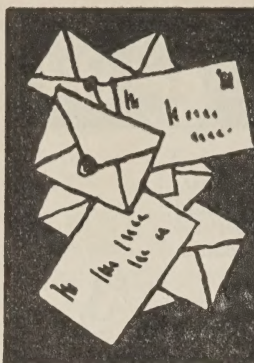
This book is the epic of the life of a great Gypsy chief, the life of his people, the life of the open road, with its dust and sunlight. "What Homer did for the Greeks, Bercovici has done for the Gypsies." As the New York Evening Post aptly says, "Since the red-blooded fiction of Jack London, American writing has had nothing more virile and more gripping than this volume."

**BONI & LIVERIGHT**  
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# Notes from Correspondents.

## Unfair Comment on "Speaking of the Turks"

My attention has just been called to the mention of my book, *Speaking of the Turks*, in BRENTANO'S BOOK CHAT. It has two remarks which I believe are entirely uncalled for and unfair. The columns of newspapers and magazines are opened to any kind of books, but it certainly seems unjust to use a publication such as BOOK CHAT for the purpose of passing remarks which can only discredit a book, its author and his nation. It might of course be that the purpose of the remarks in question was only to be innocently humorous, but in that case I cannot help but wonder why the writer did not ponder more carefully on the heading immediately following the mention of my book: "The seriousness of being funny . . ."

Anyhow, I certainly object to having the question raised that it might be an insult for any nation, let alone the Chinese, to have its name linked with that of the Turks; and while I do not propose to enter into a discussion as to the value of this remark or of that about the European naval officers, I believe that in an ethical point of view both are absolutely uncalled for and unfair . . . I believe therefore that in all justice some kind of a correction commensurate to the seriousness of the remarks is due . . .

M. K. Zia.

New York, N. Y.

## We Paid Five Dollars for This

Even though you get thousands of these and, perchance, never read them, I am

breaking my vow and writing that I heartily approve of what you have to say of Scott Fitzgerald. One exception to this: " . . . and he can put life and illusion of reality into figures as Cabell can't." As Cabell hasn't and will not, is what I believe.

Hot arguments over "jiggers" with the third year Princetonians were weekly institutions with me before I left school, and they were over Fitzgerald . . . I believe he is even in *This Side of Paradise* making constant efforts toward satire.

But what I began for was to say I enjoy your chats, for they smack of honesty and conviction. For once in a while, lamenting Broun, I turn in on F. F. V. in the *Tribune*, and henceforth am sick a day or week, dependent entirely upon whether or not it be Cabell, Conrad or Max Beerbohm he is saying silly things about. Do you suppose the man is aiming at some stylistic effect in quasi-criticism: say, attempting to be the Rousseau of the reviewers?

Marshall Dancy.

Arcadia, Florida.

## Can Any Kind Friend Answer the Lady?

Will you please answer these questions in the March number? I wish for the addresses of Tom Gallery, and Niles Welsh, and Mary Miles Minter. Please answer these little questions also: Is Tom Gallery married, and what color hair and eyes has he? Also, what will be the name of his next picture? Also Jackie Coogan's address?

Miss "Tom Gallery's Admirer."

Sioux City, Iowa.



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An inside story of the changes effected in the machinery and personnel of party control during the Harding administration which is of gripping interest to all who follow national politics.—*Boston Globe.*

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**"A Company of Declared Atheists?"**

I am calling the attention of three of my correspondents to certain paragraphs of your "Book Chatter," on the inside page of the front cover of your Christmas Book CHAT; and of two of these correspondents I ask the question: "Is the firm of Brentano's a company of declared atheists?"

Huntington Richards, M.D.

*Boston, Mass.*

**Not Discontinued Yet!**

BRENTANO'S BOOK CHAT came yesterday. It is charming. Each issue seems better than the last; I wonder if they can keep it up? And even better than the articles themselves is the running comment of the firm itself. I am frankly looking for a discontinuance of its publication because of what must be an increasing demand for it. I shall be sorry.

R. L. Pease.

*Annapolis, Md.*

**One Expresses Surprise**

Somehow one would expect accuracy of quotation in BRENTANO'S BOOK CHAT, if nowhere else. When, therefore, one reads therein:

"... but righteous John Milton in his smug decision not 'to play with Amaryllis in the shade' nor 'to twine the tresses of Neaera's hair,'" one is entitled to express surprise, for what Milton actually wrote was:

"Alas! What boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?  
Were it not better done as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?"

Which, it will be noticed, is quite a different matter.

"The Christian Science Monitor."

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THE NEW YORK TIMES calls it: "A book of astounding, breath-taking, enthralling adventure . . . a fascinating book"

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DIANA PATRICK IS AUTHOR ALSO OF

"The Islands of Desire"

"The Wider Way" and "Barbara Justice"

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*Each, \$2.00, postage extra, at any bookstore*

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E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, Publishers, 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



[WINTER  
BOOKS]

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT, by P. P. Howe. The New York *Herald* says: "An incontestably living portrait. A finely fluent narrative." "Nothing but commendation." — New York *Post*. Octavo. \$6.00

THE CATHEDRAL, by Hugh Walpole, has received a tremendous welcome. "Superb and deeply significant" — New York *Times*. "A powerful story." — New York *World*. Fifth large printing. \$2.00

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THE BREAKING POINT, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. The most popular novel of the year. "The best novel yet by one of the finest story-tellers now writing for any public." — Philadelphia *North American*. \$2.00

LOCHINVAR LUCK, by Albert Payson Terhune. The greatest dog story yet written, by the man who wrote "Lad: A Dog", "Buff: A Collie", etc. "Albert Payson Terhune is the master teller of dog stories." — Boston *Herald*. \$2.00

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ESSAYS AT LARGE, by Solomon Eagle (J. C. Squire). The Literary *hors d'œuvres* of the season, delicious, crisp, pungent, mellow. By the Editor of the London *Mercury* in his lighter moods, when the world appears at its most ridiculous. \$2.00

PERFECT BEHAVIOR: An Outline of Etiquette by Donald Ogden Stewart. The author of "A Parody Outline of History" scores another gorgeous success. "Goodstuff!" — New York *Times*. "Hilarious." — New York *World*. Fifth Large Printing. \$2.00

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# BRENTANO'S BOOK CHAT

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## BUFFOON OR COON— THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND DRAMA

By ERNEST HOWARD CULBERTSON

Author of "Goat Alley"

*The first day of this year was the sixtieth anniversary of Lincoln's freeing of the slaves. In that time two generations have arisen, two generations passed. The sons of slaves, and those sons' sons, now are nearly one in ten of the citizens of the Republic. Beside the tremendous social, economic, political, and spiritual conundrum which they embody, all other problems are ephemeral and shallow. Our writers and thinkers,*



*who indirectly but inevitably form our concepts and direct our actions, have turned more and more to honest handling of the problem of the negro. You have read Stribling's "Birthright," Clement Wood's "Nigger," Shands's "White and Black."*

*Now you have Culbertson's "Goat Alley," a dramatic and realistic narrative of the black slums of Washington, D. C., in which city two citizens out of nine are negro.*

THE negro has been an integral factor in our national life for fully two and a half centuries, but only during the last fifty years have authors turned to him for characters and locale for novels and plays. Only within that time has he been looked upon as having those attributes which lend themselves to effective literary treatment. In the several decades immediately preceding the Civil War I imagine that the large majority of writers regarded any theme which dealt extensively or vitally with the negro as entirely too provocative. Those were the days when the novel was

finding itself and long before it had been employed to any considerable extent for propagandism. It was an era when the trend was preponderantly toward saccharine romanticism, and most of our novelists—some of our eminent literary historians to the contrary notwithstanding—were under the dominant influence of the giant mid-Victorians whose dazzling radiance permeated every nook and cranny of the literary world.

Had they been so inclined, the writers of that day, viewing life through an amethystine haze, could hardly have been expected



to give us any genuine and moving pictures of the negro which would help to a larger and more sympathetic understanding of his nature and a comprehensive grasp of the venal forces which were shaping his destiny. Save by abolitionists, he was not considered a political entity. He had not yet individualized himself, or rather the progress of events had not as yet served to individualize him. He was a primitive and picturesque figure lending considerably more than a modicum of color and romance to the semi-feudalistic atmosphere of the old South. To the novelist he became a most useful stage property in the creation of glamorous backgrounds, or an inexhaustible and indispensable source of comic relief.

One might say that the negro really made his advent into American literature with the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

With the stage presentation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the negro definitely took his place in the American drama. I am not in a position to say with any degree of finality whether he was exploited seriously in a play before this, but on the strength of what investigation I have made, I can safely say that at least he made his first significant entry into our drama in this famous sentimental tragedy. In all productions I have seen the negro characters—Uncle Tom, Cassie and Topsy—have been so grossly sentimentalized as to be burlesques.

Among the innumerable plays portraying negro characters during the past fifty years but two or three showed evidence of any attempt to do adequate justice to even the salient racial characteristics. The playwright has invariably sentimentalized or burlesqued the negro, believing that the American theatre-going public wants those sorts of false portrayal. Playgoers laugh at his clownish antics, shed maudlin tears over him, but have seemed until recently quite incapable of honest sympathy for his sufferings, aspirations and problems.

Minstrel shows have long been one of the most popular forms of entertainment. Witness the farces and comedies in which, if

the negro has not been the chief figure, he has at least been the most engaging and amusing one, as example Hoyt's *A Texas Steer*, *Excuse Me*, *The Traveling Salesman* and *Toby's Bow*.

*The Barber of New Orleans* by Edward Childs Carpenter, and *The Nigger* by Edward Sheldon were inadequate attempts to dramatize the tremendous personal and social problems of the negro.

Some of us have felt for a good while that the negro was subject to genuine artistic treatment in tragedy and drama of true vitality, and that attempt should be made honestly to interpret his psychology, background, evolutionary progress, and condition in organized society. Mr. Eugene O'Neill, in his very fine and colorful play, *The Emperor Jones*, has in his protagonist admirably and impressively depicted certain phases of the negro character, and for this, if for no other reason, it is a unique and significant play. Apart from its artistry it marked a distinct advance in honesty and vigor over preceding negro plays.

The negro in the United States today is essentially a tragic figure. To be sure he has progressed and will continue to progress—in material ways primarily, however. But spiritually he lags far behind the white man. This is inevitable. He is still only two centuries removed from barbarism, from semi-savagery. Given vision of a dim ideal, a faulty moral technique with which to attempt its attainment, a confused sense of values and a sordid background—and a great yearning to achieve the ideal—ah, there is tragedy.

This was full upon me when I sat down to write *Goat Alley*. Lucy Belle aspired. She wanted nothing so much as to realize a true love. She craved ardently to remain faithful to the man she loved, who had proved himself manifestly worthy of her devotion. But her ignorance, her abject, poverty, her frail physique, her lack of moral technique, the fact that in common with most comely and unprotected young negresses of her type, she was hunted—hunted, trapped and her impending fate ig-



nored by her betrayer—all conspired to effect her tragic disaster, her ultimate and inexorable fate.

The negro has definitely established him-

self in the American drama, and as time goes on I look for him to become an increasingly valuable contributory factor to its progressive development.

## "AMONG THE IMMORTALS"

By BERNICE BROWN

Author of "The Shining Road"

*Three or four years ago the present editor of BOOK CHAT used to mail (not by request) fevered stories and terrible tales to "Collier's." They always came back, sometimes accompanied by a letter signed in the nice, round hand of Bernice Brown, then fiction editor. Now she, having read a large portion of the short stories and novels being written by the five hundred and fifty-seven thousand, eight hundred and sixty-one and a half (figures of the 1920 census; children, literary ladies, and newspaper men rated at one-half) aspiring authors in the United States, has written a story which is a story.*

NO matter what the critics may say about a first book, ranging all the way from "worthless" through "adequate" to "promising," the author has at one time held every one of these opinions himself. The day the manuscript is accepted no one could convince the beginning novelist that his name is not soon to be grouped among the immortals.

It never occurs to him that the fiction quota of a great publishing house has not yet been filled that season. It never occurs to him that a canny publisher may reason, "Even though this first one is pretty bad I think I'll take it and gamble on the next one's being better." It never occurs to him he is not a person slightly less personable than Hardy. He wonders only why his family and teachers and the neighbors never seemed to have realized that genius dwelt among them. He even remembers with amazement the professor who did not pass him in a theme course in college.

Even the first proof his publisher sends him does not dispell the illusion. It is a pleasure to reread the distinguished phrases. There are moments, indeed, when in all



humility he wonders how he, poor wretch, can be the author of anything so powerful, so beautiful. He is bowed with modesty before his very greatness.

The second proof becomes a bit of a chore. The printers' errors are annoying. The book seems, some way, to have become much longer. There are moments when he finds he has grown absent-minded, when he even begins skipping, just as though some common person like Tarkington or Hardy or Dickens had written it.

The third proof, however, is no less than torture. The phrases that had once held all the beauty of sparseness have become wordy, meaningless grimaces. The novel has no drama any longer. It is childish and affected and ridiculous. It is in foundry proof always that one discovers he has used such a word as "intriguing." Surely there exists no critic then who can mete out to him the opprobrium he can mete out to himself.

But, for all this, one's first book is a great adventure—as the millions of us who have just done one know.



# "THE WISDOM OF MAN IS FOOLISHNESS WITH GOD"

By BASIL KING

Author of "The Street Called Straight," "The Side of the Angels," etc.

Using as text Pollock's "The Fool," the remarkable new Broadway dramatic triumph, Basil King, himself a novelist of deep spirituality and vision, says that we must lose the world to find it. Swaffer says in the "London Times": "The Fool is a man who tried to live like Christ, a man who is so broad-minded that every sect, religion, creed, and political party in the States thinks Channing has written the play to please them. The Christian Scientists besiege the theatre; a well-known



Channing Pollock, who has written "another Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Presbyterian minister took the whole theatre for one night so his congregation should go; the Labor Leaders are with Pollock to a man. A thousand letters applauding the author's courage have been received; companies are being formed to play it all over America, and one manager has even asked for the right to show it in tents in the small villages where theatres do not exist. They are saying now 'The Fool' bids fair to be another 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for permanency."

IT is safe to say that no one who sees *The Fool*, by Channing Pollock, will ever forget that he has seen it. That fact in itself will put this play into a list where it will have no more than a score or two of American plays as its companions. Apart from all questions of art, or taste, or opinion, or preference, is this test of vitality. The dynamic play endures in memory long after it has left the stage. It continues to be talked about; it helps to form a standard of comparison. When it comes back, as not infrequently it does, it impresses to some degree a second and a third generation as it impressed the year whose activities inspired it.

Energy and breadth are perhaps the qualities which *The Fool* reveals most strikingly. It is tense with life; its outlook is wide. Dealing with nothing trivial, or merely of today, it is vibrant with those passions and emotions of the hour which, all the same, are timeless.

Its theme is the biggest that can occupy the mind, the emergence of the human being out of the material into, or towards, the spiritual. Exactly what this means we have

not the space to define, but, except for the most sodden, all of us can understand it. It is the business which, consciously or subconsciously, we are all about. Our methods may be diverse; our aim may often become deflected; but our objective is the same. To struggle to something higher is the impulse of every human being ever born.

All the chief characters in Mr. Pollock's play are working that impulse out. The conflict springs from their understanding of what the higher consists in. Each follows his or her own Star of Bethlehem.

The point to be noted is that Gilchrist is the only one among the leading characters to take the course which everyone else considers impractical, and yet the only one to work out a success. He is an illustration of that paradox, of which we are only beginning to understand the truth, that we must lose the world to find it. Ever since 1914 especially we have been confessing with our lips, and sometimes in our hearts, that the wisdom of man is foolishness with God. If we wanted a proof of it we should only have to lift our eyes and look at the

(Continued bottom of page 16)



## WHY DO AUTHORS WRITE?

By TEMPLE BAILEY

Author of "The Dim Lantern," etc.

*"Authorship is a pilgrimage in which one climbs the mountain, but never reaches the peak," says Miss Bailey. "I write because I like to travel." We think there may be a reason authors write which she has not mentioned: and that is to further that feeling of individuality and influence which must come from knowing many thousands of people have their lives altered in little or in great by what is written. The hope which urges life onward through the shadows of the most desperate day, the dream which purples dirty streets with visions of high adventure, the wisdom which makes the soul content—these all are gained from books. More hope, more dreaming, more wisdom to our authors!*

MY subject is not original. It was suggested recently to an authors' group as a good topic for discussion. The result was interesting, but not, I fear, precisely illuminating. Few of those who analyzed their motives spoke the whole truth or even the half of it. Yet they did not willingly perjure themselves. They simply did not know. The apple had, as it were, hung on the tree, and they had eaten. That was the beginning and the end of it. That they had lost their Eden of easy-going existence was not dwelt upon. Yet most of them knew they had lost it, and knew, too, that if they had to do it over again they would still eat the apple!

The reasons they gave resolved themselves rather monotonously into two divisions—they had written because of the lure of royalties or because of the urge of authorship. Genius that blooms in a garret, it was decided, blooms because it wants its bread and butter. Self-expression becomes a demand not to be resisted. They embroidered these themes in various colors, but the warp and the woof were the same.

As for myself, I refused to talk about it. I felt that on my feet I should say things that I didn't mean. The tongue is, as all of us know, more indiscreet than the pen. There is no time to rewrite. One

says it, and the ear of the audience has it. One cannot, as it were, correct proof.

But refusing to talk had, perhaps, a Freudian effect on me. I found myself asking constantly of my subconscious,

"Why do I write?" And I still want to know. And what follows is written as much to modify my own complexes as to satisfy the editor.

In the first place, then, I had no thought in early youth of a career, and even now I have to pinch myself to see if I am really awake when I see my portrait on the jacket of best-selling books. It is hard to realize that the face that looks back at me is that of the girl-grown-older who wanted nothing at sixteen but to dance through the days, and

to gather rosebuds while time flew.

The things that led me at last into the paths of literature were not unique. I liked to know that I could do the trick, and I liked the checks which followed. But what has kept me at it? That's the question I ask myself. Why do I, in these days when I might be free as air, still stay at my desk and put black marks on sheets of paper?

Well, I think that, boiled down to the last analysis, it is because I like to travel. And what I love is not the end of the journey, but the things that happen by the way.

I remember a gathering years ago when



Temple Bailey, an author who has caught the spirit of beauty



I, a breathless novice, sat among a group of seasoned writers and heard one of them say casually, "We who have arrived."

I didn't like the sound of it. It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that authorship is a pilgrimage, in which one climbs the mountain but never reaches the peak.

Yet the peak is always there ahead of us, white-tipped, ineffable. And we yearn toward it, loving the climb.

And if we don't love to climb, that's the end of it. We might as well drop our pens and find some other occupation. "For," says Stevenson, "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

Of course, at first, we don't believe it. Success shines ahead of us as something very definite. If we are young and feminine, we think of it in terms of lovely frocks, to be worn when the world is at our feet. If we are young and masculine, we may think of it in terms less sartorial, perhaps, but no less triumphant. Success is, to us, indeed, in those early and aspiring days, something as definite as a good dinner, a good play, or a good horse. We are going to enjoy it in that way. Gloriously. But when it really comes—when our checks are in five figures, when the critics are weighing us in the balance, and when our readers are crying for more, we find that happiness isn't, after all, in the limelight with the lovely frock, but in a certain quiet circle of gold made by our shaded lamp on a blue blotter. And we'd rather follow the fortunes of little Jane

Barnes, our latest heroine, than our own fortunes in lion-hunting circles.

Of course, artistic success doesn't always run parallel with commercial success; some of us have one kind, and some the other. A few, beloved by the gods, have both. But whatever our mode of arrival, whether by the road of popularity or by the road of fine and true workmanship, the thing is not to arrive, but to follow the road.

And so I have followed it—with the characters I create; from Contrary Mary, who refused to be anything but a prig and a puppet until I wrestled with her and made her live, and I believe it was this aliveness of Mary which made her "reach the heart"—as my publisher so poignantly put it—of my first best-selling public; from Contrary Mary to Jane of *The Dim Lantern*, who took things absolutely in her own hands and galloped away from me.

In all there have been seven journeys—seven novels and a book of short stories. Seven milestones along the trail. Some of the miles have been hard going. I should hate to follow them again. But it has been good always to rest at the end.

Well, that is why I write! It's a great game, and the best thing I know. Life has always seemed to me a sort of seafaring adventure, with the ship at full sail, and the horizon ever ahead. There have been fair winds and foul but the ship has never foundered. And I hope I shall not make harbor until that last voyage which shall sweep me toward the broad waters of eternity.

### Foolishness With God

(Continued from page 14)

topsy-turvy Europe, Asia, and America man's wisdom is creating. That wisdom is not only foolishness to God but is fast becoming mere foolishness to ourselves; and yet we see no remedy. The methods which we know in advance will not work, which have proved that they will not work a

hundred thousand times in human experience, are the only methods we consider "practical." They have been the ways of "practical men" in government, business, diplomacy, religion, society, and war, ever since the beginning of time. We cannot bring ourselves to forsake them. We prefer to sink with the ills we know rather than run the risks we incur when trying to walk on the water.



It is the merit of Mr. Pollock's play that it shows us a man who dares to make the experiment. He abandons the methods that will not work and takes up those that will. Since the ship is going down he essays to

walk on the water, and does it. Only a Fool in the eyes of "practical men" would hazard the attempt; but only the Fool who hazards the attempt can succeed in it.

## FULL OF SOUND AND FURY

By EDMUND GOULDING

*Mr. Goulding, author of "Fury," sent us in the following as his contribution. We could make neither head nor tail of it. Perhaps it has neither head nor tail, being like the annelida which crawl*



*off in all directions. We suspect Mr. Goulding of having written something full of sound and "Fury," signifying nothing. We welcome opinions from our scenario-writing patrons about it.*

### A MOVIE: THE BIRTH OF A BOOK

*Presented by Harry Hull  
Directed by Denhardt  
Photographed by Caswell  
Written by Goulding  
Released by Dodd, Mead*

(Slow music; the audience coughs; the orchestra leader runs his hand through his bald hair; an infant screams.)

A title on the silver screen: *Edmund, our hero, reduced to his last crust of bread, contemplates authorship.*

Flash in: A long shot of Edmund's room. Night. Wind mutters. Candle gutters. Bat flutters. On the window-pane a property hose splashes water with the solemnity of rain. Rats run patiently back and forth across the unplastered floor.

Upon the floor are piled scattered sheets covered with writing, thick as sad autumn leaves. Knee deep in the wastrel sheets we see the author. His head is on his palm. He gazes sadly out at the night. Off-stage an electric bulb flashing inter-

mittently simulates lightning fulminations.

Sub-title: *The rain reminds him of the sea.*

Close-up of Edmund, our hero. His face is lined, but not with silver. He is prematurely old. His cheeks are sunken. Hunger gnaws his eyes.

His lips begin to tighten. He is apparently in another world. If he gets nothing to eat soon, he may be.

*Lap Dissolve out and into—*

Sub-title: *Edmund's dream.*

A ship at sea. It rocks now back, now forth. Occasionally it rocks sidewise. A great deal of water all about it. The orchestra plays *Salt*, a leitmotif from Charles Norris's novel.

Aboard the ship its captain, epileptic, old, tragic, terrible, tough, stands before his son, his second mate, shaking his first. He speaks:

*"I'll beat that woman out of you!"*

He lifts his hands to strike, but the strong hands of his son close about his throat.



*Lap Dissolve out and into—*

Sub-title: *Still in the garret.*

Edmund is furiously writing the fore-going scene. His stub pencil flies. The paper flies, thick as fly-paper. The candle flickers out, and Edmund constructs a torch of rolled paper. A rat sits on its haunches, despondently washing its face.

*Slow fade-out.*

Title: *If you have ever written a movie you will understand.*

Long shot of a movie office. At table, left, is seated director, right. A big, beefy actor, weight three hundred pounds, stands before director. Director looks him over, speaks:

*"You look epileptic, whatever that is. You play the Captain."*

Giant actor asks a question. Director shakes his head, speaks gruffly (indicate gruffness by having him open only one side of his mouth):

*"No, I'm from Missouri, and I don't know much about the ocean. But I've seen steamboats on the Mississippi."*

He looks up, smiling like a gentle wolf at—

*Close-up.* Edmund, our hero and author, in the doorway. His face is ragged and bitter. He tries to speak but cannot. Only silence comes from the silver screen. With a gesture of infinite frustration he turns away (indicate frustration by having his shoulders touch his ears, and letting his eyes roll carelessly).

*Close-up.* The movie director sneers:

*"What's fletcherizing you? You arthurs are more trouble than Rodolf Valentino. The best stuff in my pictures I make up out of my own head, off my own ideas. Why, once I filmed 'Hamlet,' and it was better than this fellow Shakespeare . . ."*

His mouth still moves. His assistants, who know all the director's stories by rote, silently sleep.

*Slow fade-out.*

Title: *What could our author do to tell the waiting world about the vision which he saw?*

Flash back to Edmund's hungry garret. Two rats are madly chasing a cat, which flies for life to the top of a copy of Ham-sun's *Hunger*. Edmund is seated yet at his table, writing. The pile of sheets on the floor is now thick as snow.

Enter the landlady. She holds out her hand for money. Edmund shakes his head. Landlady shakes her fist. Our hero joins the cat. He speaks, wringing his hands and quivering with emotion (indicate emotional quiver with the feet):

*"I'm writing a book."*

Landlady slowly withdraws from him, her eyes riveted with horror (indicate horror by having her pull her hair). She taps her forehead. Hoarsely she whispers (the orchestra indicates hoarseness by playing cavalry call: "To Horse!"):

*"What's wrong with you?"*

Our hero waves his arm frantically. The cat leaps from *Hunger* to the waiting maws of the rats. The landlady springs backward for the door. Edmund shouts:

*"Fury!"*

He fades out slowly over all his face, which grows wilder and wilder, shot with storm, hurricane, and thunderbolts.

Sub-title: *And so his book was born.*

Slow fade-in of a book, lying on a pillow held by a nurse. The author hovers anxiously right front, wiping his forehead (indicate hovering by slow fluttering of the hands from the wrists down). Nurse speaks:

*"It's man-size."*

The book smiles heroically and stretches its triceps.

*Slow fade-out. Colored lantern slide with scrolled cupids:* "Good-night!"

*Editor's note:* Mr. Goulding evidently believes that if any author has anything to say, he had better say it in a book than on the flickering screen. With all due regard to the silent mimes who express transcendental passions by the quivering of an eyebrow, we agree.



# MAGIC OF DISENCHANTMENT

By A. HAMILTON GIBBS

*Hamilton Gibbs is one of the only literary triplets on record. He is known as a critic over the country; he is consulted by publishers. One of his brothers is Sir Philip Gibbs, war correspondent and maker of cabinets, novelist of beauty. Another brother is Cosmo Hamilton, popular playwright and novelist, whose latest best-seller, "The Rustle of Silk," shows keen intimacy with English upper class life.*

*The nearest competitors to the Gibbises are the Housmans—A. E., Laurence, and Clemence, all three of them artists. But Clemence doesn't write.*

MANY books are born with noise and fireworks. The publishers hold a jubilation, the publicity men lift their megaphones and bark hoarsely, the advertising men eat cake and ice cream. And then there comes a cold, wet rain from the critics; the reviewers fulminate and hail; and the infant book is soured.

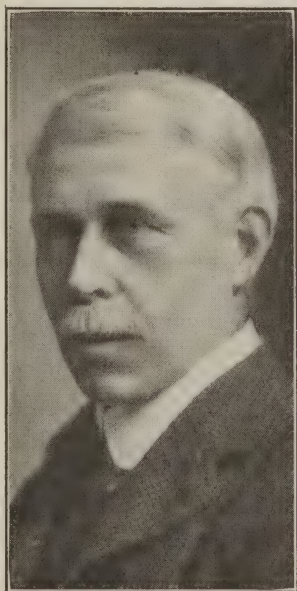
I infer nothing contrary to the constitutional law.

At other times a book creeps silently into the world, watched over by no fluttering paternal parent. It sucks no silver spoon, it is not heir to five hundred thousand circulation, it is expected to toil wearily for a bare living and go down into a forgotten grave.

Many of them do; many do. Potter's field is filled with old wrecks of books. With books the bad die young.

But at times one of these unsung books becomes, by some mysterious force and strength of character, the talk of a whole nation. It has sprung up from nothing, and it is a giant among books. It alters the current of a country's thinking, it is a towering landmark. The book goes down in history as a force greater than the force of swords; and the man who wrote that book exerts more mightiness on events than did Napoleon.

Such a book is *Disenchantment*, by Charles Edward Montague, Order of the British Empire, late private, bombing sergeant, captain, in the British volunteer



Charles Edward Montague

army, one of the first of Kitchener's Mob, a stalwart of the great Contemptibles, the giant Invincibles who smashed back the German hordes from Calais and the sea.

The word has gone out from metropolis to metropolis, and from thorp to thorp: "*Disenchantment is great!*" The intellectuals say with Christopher Morley that stylistically it is a book of supreme and unqualified beauty. The man who was there, who was in it, and who inarticulately curses the Government and wonders what is wrong with his feeling about the whole blamed show, says that this fellow Montague has got the right idea—he's got

the stuff.

And when you have a book which some people read for its beauty, and all people read for its truth, you have a book that is going over the top just as surely and victoriously as did Private-Sergeant-Captain Montague on many and many a dreary, disastrous night.

Charles Edward Montague is a Londoner. He was educated at the City of London School and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took first class honors in Classical Moderations and second class honors in Greats—which, for the uninitiated, is tantamount to saying that he was the brightest scholar of his year. Mr. Montague, however, was not that poor creature, "the grind," to whom the outdoor men are mere



"muddled oafs and flannelled fools." While winning high honors in scholarship he rowed in the college fours and eights, and played on the Rugby football team. Furthermore (and this is the sort of thing that has to be dug out of an Englishman with a shovel), he was awarded in his last year at college the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving someone from drowning.

A year after graduating from Oxford with what corresponds here to a *summa cum laude*, being then aged twenty-two, Montague was offered an educational position under the Government of India. At the same time, however, he had the offer of a job, on probation, on the *Manchester Guardian*. India remained below the horizon and Mr. Montague definitely set his foot upon the literary ladder.

The climbing of its rungs may be briefly summarized. Six years after being admitted on probation he became the chief leader writer of the *Manchester Guardian*, a position which he maintains to this day. Stories have appeared over his name in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and the *London Mercury*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *English Review* and the *North American Review*

are some of the more literary journals which have published his articles. In collaboration with Mrs. Humphry Ward he wrote a memoir of William Thomas Arnold; and in 1910 published his first novel, *A Hind Let loose*. This was followed in 1911 by *Dramatic Values*, which added in no small degree to the reputation of the *Manchester Guardian* in the theatrical field. Two years later, on the eve of the world conflict, another novel was published, *The Morning's War*.

With what must have been a slight manipulation of facts, Mr. Montague at the age of forty-seven enlisted as a private in the famous "Sportsman's Battalion." He rose to the rank of Battalion Bombing Sergeant and was three times mentioned in dispatches for gallantry in action. He was then given a commission and shortly became a Captain on the General Staff. On being demobilized, Captain C. E. Montague was awarded the Order of the British Empire.

Such is the not undistinguished career of the man who from the fullness of his fifty-odd years has given to the world one of the finest contributions to the literature of the war, *Disenchantment*.

## THE CONFIDENCE MAN

By SIR BASIL THOMSON

Author of "My Experiences at Scotland Yard," and War Head of the British Secret Service.

*You who have wanted to be detectives like Silent Hawkshaw or Nick Carter, you who have as boys cut black masks from an old alpaca dress, and invented cipher codes, and distorted your faces for hours while practicing searching squints or triumphant leers or impassive sternness, you who have inquired the price of gum shoes—meet the real "detective." Sir Basil may not have "read the hieroglyphs on the great sandstone obelisks, and talked with basilisks and looked on hippogriffs," but he has unraveled secret codes, and probed into the hearts of liars, and seen spies and traitors and grand and petty criminals meet their appointed ends.*

THE great business of transferring the contents of your neighbour's pocket to your own is what more than nine-tenths of the world live upon. Society draws the line between what is legitimate and what is dishonest rather low down in the scale. A grocer may rob you by high prices but not by giving you short-weight; a money-lender may fleece you by usury

but not by picking your pocket; but I confess to a sneaking preference for the rogue who, without any pretence of respectability, preys upon your vanity or your cupidity and cheats you quite openly.

A fraud that has flourished for many years in England is the Confidence Trick, which is practiced generally by Australians on American visitors to London. There are



several variants because the tricksters are artists, and are not above improving with practice. Here again the bait is "Something for Nothing." Though the commonest form has been described in the Police Court it may be well to repeat it here. An American walking in Hyde Park sees an elderly man drop a pocketbook. He overtakes him and restores it. The old man, whom we will call Ryan, is effusively grateful. He would not have lost the pocketbook for the world: it contained the evidence of his fortune: his benefactor must come and have a drink. He holds him with his glittering eye, and while they imbibe whisky he tells his story—how an uncle of fabulous wealth but eccentric habits has left him a couple of million dollars on condition that he can find a really trustworthy person to distribute one-eighth of the sum among the poor of London. The dupe mentions the fact that he has a return ticket to New York, and hails from Denver. So, as it now appears, does Ryan, who takes from his pocketbook a newspaper cutting setting forth the virtues and the enormous fortune of the uncle, and at that very moment a third man, Ryan's confederate, drops in.



A Real Sherlock  
Holmes

all this money? Now I like your face, Mr. Davis, but I don't know you—never saw you till this afternoon—how can I say I've confidence in you?"

Hearing the word, "Denver," he joins in the conversation, for he, too, is from Denver—George T. Davis, at their service. So there they are—three exiles from Denver—a little oasis in the vast waste of London. To George T. Davis, Ryan relates his good fortune and the strange condition in the will.

"I know no one in this city. How am I to find a man in whom I have confidence to distribute

"Confidence for confidence," replies Davis. "I've confidence in you anyway. I'd trust you with all I've got, and I've got more than what I stand up in. Why, see here! Here's what I drew from the bank this morning"—he thrusts a roll of bank (of engraving) notes into Ryan's unwilling hand—"and here's my watch and chain! Take them all and just walk through that door. I know you'll bring them back because I've confidence in you." But Ryan still looks doubtful. "No good," whispers Davis, "he don't take to me. Why don't you have a shot at the money? He takes to you."

And so by appeals to the vanity of the man from Denver, by playing on his cupidity, under the softening influences of liquid refreshment, by the force of example, Davis succeeds at last. Into the still apparently unwilling hand of Ryan the victim presses all the money and valuables he possesses, and out goes Ryan into the street. The two men continue drinking: George T. Davis is the first to betray anxiety.

"The old man ought to be back by now. Can't understand it—man I'd have trusted anywhere. Couldn't have been run over by a taxi? You stop here: I'll just step out and see where he's got to." And that is the last that the victim sees of either of the rogues.

I have sometimes doubted whether the police should be called upon to protect people so simple that they ought not to be allowed abroad without a nurse. I remember a prisoner making the same complaint to me. "It's cruel hard on us chaps," he said, "when mugs like them are at large. It's a temptation: that's what it is." But he was not doing his profession justice. Like all artistic callings—like the stage for instance—the reward lies not in the emoluments, but in the satisfaction of playing on the feelings of your audience until you hold them.



## THE STORY OF A DICKENS PORTRAIT

By M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

*Dickens has passed into history, almost into myth. He seems as alien from our own day, as unreal as any legendary Homer. Yet Mrs. Fields, whose intimate diaries Mr. Howe has recently edited under the title of "Memories of a Hostess," knew Dickens as a guest and friend. Does the slender, dreamy young man of the portrait look like the Charles Dickens you visualize?*

WHEN I was taken by a friend, nearly thirty years ago, to see Mrs. James T. Fields in that treasure house of delightful associations which formed her personal background in Boston, she was seated on the same lounge in her library where I saw her reclining not long before her death in January, 1915. At the time of the first visit she had not reached the age of sixty, and her visitor was serving a brief term as Assistant Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In the twenty-two years that followed she had grown to the beautiful old age which her younger years foretold, and I had been fortunate enough to become one of her many friends.

On each occasion there hung above her, between smaller pictures of Mary Russell Mitford and Charles Lamb, a large portrait of Dickens as a young man, painted by the American artist, Francis Alexander, I knew not precisely where or when. I only knew that a warm friendship had existed between Dickens and Mr. and Mrs. Fields, who were the friends, one may say without exaggeration, of all the eminent men and women of letters in their time.

On the death of Mrs. Fields I found that I had become her literary executor. Out of the diaries and other papers which she left in my hands, a volume, "*Memories of a Hostess*," revealing something of Mrs. Fields, but much more of the galaxy of guests with whom her house was constantly adorned, has now been made.

When the work was nearing completion, I came upon a letter long preserved by Mrs. Fields, which told the whole story of the Dickens portrait. It was written by George W. Putnam, who, on its internal evidence, was a student of painting under Alexander in 1842 and saw Dickens in Boston in 1868. The letter bears no date, but it could not have been written after 1881, for Fields died in that year. As an addition to what is known of the first visit of Dickens to the United States, and also for the light it throws upon the methods of American portrait painters in 1842, it seems quite worth printing at this late day. The document—for such it may truly be called—reads, with its oddities of punctuation, as follows:

James T. Fields, Esq.

Dear Sir:

As you possess the picture of Charles Dickens painted by Francis Alexander the well known Boston artist; and as it is undoubtedly the only correct likeness of Mr. Dickens in his younger days when he was about 30 years of age; I thought that perhaps you might like a little harmless gossip in relation to its history. I mentioned to my friend Edwin Morton some things of the history of the picture which so greatly interested him; that I thought you might also be interested in the matter.

I have said it was undoubtedly the only correct likeness of Dickens when young. I have never been in England, but I have seen the engravings of pictures of Dickens. One by Firth, R.A., to me shows no resemblance. The one in Foster's [sic] book is ridiculous from the head looking in one direction while his feet go in an opposite one; and the likeness while it exists in a slight degree, is insipid and fanciful



Charles Dickens, after the portrait by Francis Alexander, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Beneath is another picture of three foolish virgins locked from the bridegroom's door.



and better fitted for a Fashion Plate than a portrait of a most eminent and truly great man. It is certainly as a work of art no credit to Maclise.

When in 1842 it was announced in the papers that Dickens intended to visit America, Mr. Alexander wrote inviting him to sit for his portrait when he came, and in due time his answer arrived cordially accepting the invitation.

When the steamer was announced Mr. Alexander was at work on the portrait of Hon. Francis C. Gray—Mr. Gray was a prominent member of the Mass. Philosophical Society—and I believe the picture is in the possession of the society. Mr. Alexander wished to be present when Dickens landed, but could not leave his work. When the sitting of Mr. Gray was over Mr. A. took a carriage and went to "Lewis' Wharf." On arriving there Mr. Lewis recognized him in the crowd and ordered the gate open for him—inviting him on board the steamer and introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. After some time had elapsed the "reception committee not making their appearance" and Mr. and Mrs. Dickens expressing a great anxiety to land; Alexander told them he had a carriage waiting and invited them to ride up to their quarters at the "Tremont House" and they at once assented. Mr. Alexander of course became well acquainted with the distinguished visitors, and during their stay in Boston they several times visited the Alexanders at their home in West Cedar St. It was arranged that the first sitting should take place on Tues. morning—Dickens as you may remember arrived on Sat. P. M.

I was at that time a pupil of Alexander and when I knew that Dickens was coming and would sit to him for his portrait; I was very glad as I should have the opportunity to see him and possibly the honor of an introduction.

Alexander like many other artists had a habit of procrastination in some things and as the time approached for the distinguished stranger to embark from England; I occasionally reminded Alexander of the necessity of having a *suitable canvass* for a two-thirds length portrait prepared at the color store. He had an excellent canvass of that size in his studio, but he had made upon it a capital sketch in colors of three of the "foolish virgins" whose lamps had gone out, and who stood knocking and weeping in vain at the door.

Alexander had much creative talent—true genius—but lacked the necessary faith in himself to develop it, and therefore would venture upon nothing but portraiture, and in this he greatly excelled.

In the sketch of the "life of Francis Alexander" in "Dunlap's lives of the Painters" it is stated by the artist that when he was in Rome he painted a portrait of a "Miss Douglass" of New York. She had a high opinion of Alex-

ander's talent, and Sir Walter Scott being in Rome, and Miss Douglass being well acquainted with him, she brought Sir Walter in her carriage to Alexander's studio. Sir Walter was very kind and affable, and stayed nearly an hour conversing quite freely. Alexander had painted an original "Magdalen" and Sir Walter took his seat a little distance in front of it, and looked steadily at it for a considerable time, Alexander of course feeling anxious meanwhile to know his opinion of the picture. At length Sir Walter turned away from the picture saying laconically "*She's been forgiven!*"

When I spoke again one day to Mr. Alexander to order a canvass in season for Dickens' picture; he said "there will be time enough yet and that canvass with the three virgins would make an excellent one." I objected to that on account of the beauty of the picture and urged him to finish it. He laughed and said "he had no talent for that kind of work." I expressed a different opinion, but he said "no, he should never finish it." I then offered to obliterate the virgins but he said "no, there'll be time enough before Dickens comes." I suppose he hated to have the sketch destroyed for the virgins were handsome and wept pathetically.

So matters went on for a month or more, and no canvass was prepared for the most important occasion. When the papers began to speak of Dickens' visit as near at hand; I reminded Alexander of it and I proposed again to "obliterate the virgins," but he said "we could get it ready in a short time, no hurry!" I went into the country for a few days and heard meanwhile that Dickens had arrived. I returned on Monday late in the afternoon, and it was quite dark when I reached Alexander's room. On entering I found him in a heap of trouble! "O Mr. P.," said he, "Why haven't you been here to help me! Dickens has come, and takes his first sitting tomorrow forenoon, and here I have been for hours trying to get this canvass ready, and it is too late to order one, for the dealers have none on hand so large as this. I have coated this over and what shall I do if it doesn't dry!"

I found that he had smoothed the canvass a little, and coated it with paint which I knew at a glance contained so much oil that it would be very sticky in the morning if indeed it would be dry at all. He had built a roaring coal fire in the grate, and placed the canvass in front in hopes that it would hasten the drying. "Bless me!" said Alexander, "*Why were you absent just at this time!* Do you think the canvass will be dry by morning?"

I told him frankly that I did not think it would, that he had got too much oil in the paint, that it would at best be quite sticky, and if he painted his picture on such a ground as that it would *inevitably crack badly* after a while. He



greatly lamented that he had not allowed me to get it ready long before, and asked me what could now be done? I then told him that if he would go home and leave the whole matter with me, I would engage to have the canvass in the *best order* in the morning, and I told him how I should proceed with it. He had great faith in my promises, but cautioned me over and over again not to fail for he could have but a few sittings and there *could be no delay!* I persuaded him at last to leave the matter with me, but after he left the room he came back some half dozen times to ask me if I was sure I could have the



Mrs. Fields in 1863, from a crayon portrait by Rowse.

canvass ready? I told him that unless the laws of nature in relation to painting materials changed during the night, I would *most certainly* have it ready! So at last he left the room with a few more cautions to me and I heard him go downstairs to the street.

I then took some cloths and with spirits of turpentine washed off all the coating he had put on, and again the "foolish virgins" made one more and their last appearance on the stage. I then took some dry white lead,—ground it in japan drying and spirits, with a very little oil added, colored it to a grayish purple and with it coated the canvass,—breaking the ground with some shadows around the outside edges, and setting it well back from the fire, put out my light and went home feeling very easy as to the result, for I knew that the poor "virgins" would never again see the light, but that before many days a grand likeness of the young but wonderful writer would be upon that canvass for the pleasure and admiration of the present and future readers of his works.

The next morning the sidewalks from the Tremont House to Alexander's rooms were thronged with hundreds of people to see Dickens pass. The stairways were filled and many of the artist's friends took occasion to be present in the exhibition room to see and to secure the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Dickens.

After the sitting I asked Alexander how he liked the canvass? He was delighted with it and said he had never before put a brush upon one so good! and that Dickens before the sitting began walked up to the easel and examined the canvass and remarked that it was an "excellent ground for a picture." Dickens also spoke very highly of the portrait of Hon. F. C. Gray whom

he had met the day before at Alexander's house.

As to Alexander's portrait of Dickens,—you will know of course as I do that there was a *look* in the face of Charles Dickens at times like a *passing ripple of sunshine!* that came, lingered but a moment, and disappeared! This look almost always preceded some quaint or humorous remark, and by the keen twinkle of the eye, and particularly by the *peculiar action* of the corners of the *mouth* indicating suppressed mirth; you saw the *fun coming in advance!*

This look is *not* in the picture, for Alexander knew better than to *attempt* to put it there! It was too transient and elusive, and had he painted it—it would have destroyed the earnestness and dignity of the face and the result have been nothing better than a *smirk!* We all like to see our friends smile, but no one wants a portrait that never does *ought else than smile!*

Alexander's portraits—there are scores of them in the best houses in Boston—were always *thoughtful and dignified*. He possessed the rare power of bringing the mind of the sitter into the face and was exceedingly successful in getting the likeness. He was famous for his portraits of women, and I do not remember but one—and that was an experiment—that smiled—and she was an uncommonly brilliant and witty belle in her day.

In my opinion his portrait of Mr. Dickens would have been greatly marred, and less interesting and satisfactory; had he attempted to paint the "ripple of sunshine" of which I have spoken.

As to the "foolish virgins" being there, it is as you know a very common practice for artists to paint pictures over pictures or sketches already painted. Allan Cunningham relates that "Sir Joshua Reynolds" in the height of his fame, received an order from Catherine of Russia for a picture, leaving the artist to select his own subject. After painting a long time he at last finished his picture of "Hercules strangling the serpents" and when he sent away the painting he remarked, "There are sixteen pictures under that, some better, some worse!"

Soon after Dickens left for New York—he saw in the papers that Alexander had placed the picture on exhibition for money, and some one, jealous of the intimacy of Alexander and Dickens, intimated to the latter that Alexander's invitation to him to sit for his picture had a *money speculation* for its ulterior object, and Dickens was naturally indignant at it, and a coldness took place in the correspondence between them, but Alexander told me the reason of his course. He was quite anxious to have a first-rate copper plate engraving of the picture made, and as he could not afford the large expense of it; he placed the picture on exhibition to obtain a portion of the cost of the engraving, but he was too proud to write an explanation to Dickens. I took occasion however to speak of it one day inci-



dentally to Dickens and I thought it produced some effect on him. Dickens and Alexander never met afterwards. When Dickens was at the "Parker House" in 1868, I saw him several times. On one occasion he enquired if the Alexanders were in Boston? I told him that they had been living in Florence for sixteen years. "Ah!" said Dickens. "Is it possible! I have been in Florence twice during that time! I wish I had known it I should have been most happy to call on them. I wish I had known that they were

there!" I thought there was a tone of sadness and of regret in what he said, and it is probable that he had long before realized that Alexander had nothing of a spirit of *Yankee speculation* in asking him to sit for his portrait. I dare say you will be tired of my long story but as you own the picture of Dickens by Alexander I thought I would write it.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

## THE WOMEN MADE ME DO IT

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Author of "Man's Country"

*Mr. MacFarlane asked Henry Ford why he became interested in automobiles. "On the farm I never liked the smell of a horse," Mr. Ford replied.*

*"Man's Country" is a novel which does not assume that our present civilization of large production and the bath-tub is a nastier sort of civilization than the civilization of hand-manufacture and the Black Plague. To critics with a distaste for gasoline engines, to our budding pre-Raphaelists and Young Thinkers, Mr. MacFarlane's latest novel will be heresy. But to readers who are interested in this vast, complex, imagination-transcending Age of Steel, "Man's Country" will be an interesting and stimulating narrative of achievement.*

**I**F you ask me how I came to write *Man's Country*, I tell you that American women made me, because they were so much interested in that country. In travels over the face of the United States lecture-making and material-gathering, I found



women manifesting an avid interest in that world of business which claimed their husbands from them fresh each morning and sent them back each night wearied and worn, sometimes discouraged, sometimes exultant, but all wanting to be loved, fed, petted, diverted and sent back

next morning freshly groomed and furnished for another fray.

I found some women jealous of their husbands' business. The business gave them their living, their home, their luxuries; and

yet they were jealous of it, clamorously so. I found some women who were silent but dissatisfied partners; some who were loyal and active partners—firm within the home, I mean. But I encountered so many who were restless and vaguely discontented with this rival in their husbands' affections, who I thought might not have been so if they had only known that business better; or if, for instance, their husbands had only more of the art of telling what it was that so engaged their fierce energies and made them embattled or absorbed, exhausted, irritable and uncompanionable creatures of whom wives and families must stand in awe.

I thought, if the wives only understood—and if the husbands also understood . . . And so I wrote *Man's Country*, this story of a husband and a wife and a business, and wrapped it round that most thrilling industry of modern times, the automobile industry. That is a giant business brought into existence by giant men; and yet it is only of yesterday and today, with a history so short that all the giants save two and even all the pioneers save one, are still living. There is romance, there is heroism,



there is tragedy in those lives. I have talked to all these men.

George B. Selden, the lawyer in Rochester who began to dream of a new form of highway locomotion away back in the seventies, who made his application for a patent in 1879 and actually got in 1895 what was supposed to be the basic patent of the industry, told me his story. His eccentric looking car was not finished till automobiles were charging through every city in the world, and yet that Rochester car was in a sense the daddy of them all. But the courts held that Selden had guessed wrong; that his papers described the two-cycle gas engine while in practice the four-cycle engine had come to be universally used for highway locomotion. That was Selden's tragedy. At the time he talked to me automobiles were everywhere and his name was not upon one of them.

But there were other pioneers who were ill-fated. Charles E. Duryea, scholar, scientist, engaging gentleman, was the first man in America to feel the chug of gasoline beneath his feet; and yet the car that bears his name today is not his car. Charles B. King, who built the first automobile that ever rolled through the streets of Detroit, a mechanic, inventor, artist, a charming gentleman of the most diversified talent, whose attractive and stimulating personality, name and all, strolls through the first pages of *Man's Country*, seems to have been satisfied with just his premiership. He gave parts for his first car to others of his friends who were also engaged in trying to build first cars, and himself went off to Paris to paint pictures. Henry Ford, exhibiting to me his first car, said: "There—there; Charlie King gave me those valves."

Haynes told me of his first car. Winton showed me his; it looked like two invalid chairs set back to back with a fireless cooker under the seat. Thomas told me of his first efforts. Olds told of his—Olds, the first man to make a large commercial success of the automobile industry, who startled Detroit back in 1901 or 1902 by making and selling one thousand cars, whereat the other embryo manufacturers thought that he had saturated the market and ruined the business for a decade.

"How did you become interested in automobile manufacture?" I asked Mr. Ford. "Well, on the farm, I never did like the

smell of a horse," he replied. There's a reaction for you. He smelled up the whole world with gasoline.

Henry B. Joy of Packard fame, George N. Pierce of Pierce-Arrow fame, Roy D. Chapin and Howard E. Coffin of Hudson fame, each told me something of their early struggles; and it was all struggle and vicissitude in those days; battlings with problems of manufacture, with problems of distribution, with problems of finance.

Automobile manufacture is peculiarly an American industry, and the men who made it were all intense Americans, not excepting Winton, who I believe happened to have been born in the engine room of a Clyde steamship—some such genealogy.

Here was the fabric of a novel. Take any typical American boy and bring him up through that industry and you had an exciting, thrilling, romantic story. Yet, after all, it was not a man's story—it couldn't be. I'm betraying no domestic secrets when I say that with rare exceptions every great builder has had a woman to help him. Henry Ford used to hurry his wife through her supper dishes—help her with them, so he could have the kitchen for his workshop, and he exploded his first cylinder from the electric light current in that same kitchen.

Behind every man who has a big story is some woman, mother, wife or sweetheart, who has a big story, too. George Judson had all three, which made *Man's Country* a woman's story; and so it had to be written for the women. Now it's out in the world between covers; and I hope the women are going to like it—the men too, for there's a woman's country in the book also.

The American man likes his women American. He is born chivalrous. He expects to wait on them, pet them, doll them up. Then he expects them to stand by him, bear the brunt with him, sympathize and be good pals—that's the ideal of most young men. The average young benedict expects to find his wife something infinitely finer than himself, but he doesn't begin to know at the outset what a much more delicately geared and balanced piece of machinery a woman is than a man. He has to find that out and how to keep it running—two quests that are sufficient to keep him engaged outside of business hours for the rest of his natural life.



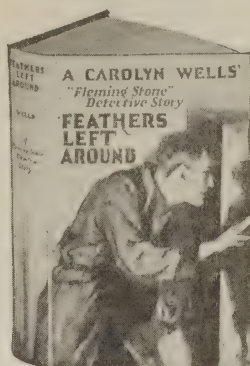
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# Speaking of the New Books.

THE gay snow-balling scene Paul Boye-Sorensen, late of Denmark, has drawn for the front cover of BOOK CHAT's Mid-winter number contains no cryptic sense nor hidden allegory. A young girl of indeterminate sex is demonstrating to another of ilk kind that the straightest distance between two points is a fast curve.

A young girl of indeterminate sex? "The yonge gurlles of the diocese . . . ."

But we fancy we see a subtler meaning in the artist's black lines. The snow man is the symbol of the hour's immortal literature. The battling babies are two critics.

The snow man looks on with glittering eyes of coal. His heart is cold; his hands are cold; he has no feet. The shrieking of the bellicose infants, their devastating feathery missiles hurtling through space like a fat man running to catch a train, their damp noses, are no more to the cold snow man with his eyes of coal than would be the devastation of two remote solar systems beyond the outer nebula. They may clash and crash and hurtle down to the nadir, and it does not disturb the electronic interrelations of his constituent atoms.

Observe the rotundity of the literary snow man: the age is bulbous with books. Observe his battered derby hat: the publishers have crowned him with their crown. Observe the finely chiseled Hellene clearness of his features: the ladies who write blurbs on book jackets shaped him with that precision. Observe his brand new bosom: he will sweep clean all outworn art.

He is the symbol and the ikon of the hour's immortal literature. Yet but a trace of thaw, and he'll be gone. The summer

sun will beat him down. And next winter there will be a new snow man.

The babes who, clad in gaudy scarves like Joseph, battle to the last snowball, are the literary critics. Observe the expression of cherubic joy with which the swatter swats the swatted. Observe the glare of injured surprise on him who gets it in the neck. Frankie Adams is socking it to Heinie Mencken; or Birdie Rascoe is sloughing poor Kit Morley again; or that nasty little Weaver boy is showering the trembling editor of BOOK CHAT with an ice-ball lined with rocks.

Ferocious battles and uncompromising war! Meanwhile the cold snow man looks on with eyes of coal. Whether the red slayer slays or is slain is alike to him. In his appointed hour he'll melt. And that will be the last of him, the hour's immortal literature.

WINTER has reached the height of its fury. Millinery shops are displaying straw hats. Rotogravure sections are filled with pictures of Miamian and Pasadenan legs scuttling merrily over tropic sands. The April fiction magazines are on the stands. The publishers have completed their spring lists.

Traffic policemen wear ear-muffs suggesting elephants. Dray horses slide along on their knees. Large ladies battle to get seats in Fifth Avenue buses, and prod each other with elbows in vital spots. Panhandlers beg a dime for a cup of hot coffee, instead of a glass of iced tea. Young ladies in search of self-expression take up skating, and scoot along on their faces. Tired busi-



ness men plow to the office through slush, and surge home again through slush, while their wives sit at the movies watching it. Little furies in human form wash their mutual faces with snow and coast on sleds between the legs of pedestrians.

Meanwhile, the publishers say more epochal books will be published this season than ever before and the Weather Bureau says hurricane.

IT is with no lightness, but with a deep humility, that we again attempt to tell you in brief space of the newer books. The critic's chair is no throne; it shakes in the legs, and creaks; and often it may be a footstool for fools.

Critics are made, not born. They are made from writing people who want themselves to be between stiff covers, but who aren't. Or perhaps critics are invented, like the curious helicopters which rise with much groaning and expenditure of engine power a few feet from earth, where they squat and hover; while the alicopters soar above on ringing wings.

Each book which is mentioned so briefly, perhaps so lightly, is the product of months or years of its author's life. It is his mind, his eyes, his lungs, blood of his pulse. Not all books are good. No book is all good. But all books are some good. Measured by spiritual intensity, by sincerity of emotion and tremulousness of vision, often the worst books are the best.

What are critics to poke them, knife them, mock at their wens and cut off their unsightly noses? Even the poorest book is wrought in more blood and sweat than the most satiric or learned of reviews. Yet the learned or satiric reviewer grows unconsciously, almost unavoidably, in time to cherish delusions of divinity, to "assume the god, affect to nod, and seem to shake the spheres."

It is a poor dolt who cannot criticize the way a kangaroo or a wart-hog is made. Such beasts suffer, it is true, from obvious imperfections. But let a critic try to form a better beast. He couldn't make even an amoeba which would wriggle.

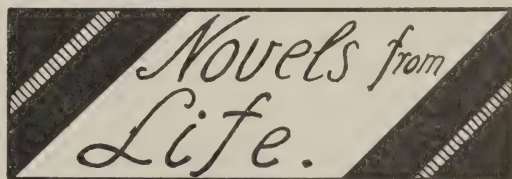
It is an elementary truth, capable of easy demonstration, and known to every critic in his secret heart, that criticism has neither permanency in itself nor effect on contemporary literature. Let Cassandras cry and Jeremiahs howl—literature goes its own indifferent way whither it is going.

Yet on the dais steps of the gods the critics sit, grasping with small hands the fulminating thunderbolts. They are wrapped in the celestial mantle of print. They are armored with the breastplate of assurance. Their excellent vocabularies crown their heads like hissing Gorgon snakes. Their wild, wild eyes frighten even Jötun and Jinn, who could eat them whole for breakfast.

Forgive us if we lack philosophy and history and judgment and sense. Forgive us when we cast aside ten years of a scholar's work with an epigram or a sneer; when we glare at a sweet romance with a saffron, jaundiced eye; when we pounce on one single ill-used word in a work of a hundred thousand, and screech, and foam, and harry the hundred thousand words to wrack because of that one ill-used word.

But still . . . it hurt us when in *Babbitt* Sinclair Lewis spoke of "plain geometry."

And now, with all apologies, let us roll up our sleeves, and bare our teeth, and whet the sharp broad-axe, the hatpin and the carving knife, to cut the new books to ribbons.



THE age, so far as literature reflects it, is one of a questioning of life. So it likes to assume. Not for the first time are men aware they are living in life, and not for the first time do they complain of God. Not for the first time even have they found that the end of life is death.

But our novelists are a singularly sentimental race. Even the most ironic are sentimental, for irony is but sweet cream



which has suffered too long a "touch o' the sun." Novelists are just discovering the epileptic cynicism of Nietzsche who discovered the dyspeptic cynicism of Schopenhauer. Most novelists never heard of Jeremiah.

They have discovered Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Madison Grant and Freud. In science the truth of today is the platitude of tomorrow and the falsity of the next day. Our "realists" are filled with atomic theories which were old with Empedocles, while science has passed through the electronic beliefs to a mystical conception of a truth transcending matter.

True the novelists don't get even their atomic theories always right. Some of them think an atom is an ash can, and some that it is a courtesan's smile. Some even appear to believe the indivisible particle is a drink of synthetic gin partaken, as all good heroes shoot, from the hip.

**B**EHIND the mysterious altars of print the oracles of a cruel truth hide. The veils are shaken, the pillars of the temple tremble, levin bursts and splutters like sky rockets, as the hidden priests mock the world and damn it. A nation of third-rate men, a mob of hypocrites, an army of bishops who secretly lust for women, a horde of mattoids (ah, watch 'em leap upon that word, they who have worn the guilt from "moron"! ) shake their souls like dusty rugs before the immitigable fulminations of the oracles.

Occasionally a neophyte, searching the higher truth, the impeccable verity, the divine vision found alike in Muscovite Bolshevism and Prussian Junkertum, pilgrimages to the mysterious altars. The latchets of his shoes are unloosed, he does not breathe as desperately, fearing apocalyptic holocaust, he lifts the veils and peers behind.

Who, where are the oracles? All he sees is a fat, full-fed man much given to laughter at drummers' jokes; or a maiden lady who keeps a cat and cherishes four-leaved clovers; or a little, timid, shrinking fellow whose beseeching eyes search men's faces for scowl or smile like a dog.

Keep the veils covered, neophyte! Do not peer at the oracles. Even they give dimes to souses on the street, and have legitimate progeny, and talk about prohibition, and like onions on their steaks, and sneeze with colds and itch beneath their flannels.

And occasionally an oracle of the cruel truth speaks not with the clear assurance of oracles; as when he weakens to admit mother love is not always a Freudian complex or passion always a form of egomania. At times he may even utter such a thin, unoracular cry as came the other day from the secret fane of one of the most thinking of the Young Thinkers, when he wondered if there is such a thing comprehensible as absolute truth. If there is no absolute truth, then why the oracles?

The Young Thinker had probably never heard that the first problem for a freshman in philosophy is the question of gnosiology, of the validity of all cognition. There is no need for the oracles to ponder on such futility, on distinctions between *Wahrheit* and *Wahrscheinlichkeit*, since they have but to speak positively enough, and they are oracles.

**A**S witness that our greatest cynics are sentimentalists whose bubble visions have been puffed on and splattered by an unsentimental world, we have Ben Hecht. His *Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago* (\$2.50) has arisen like the sobbing ghost of some poor murdered light o' love to haunt the acrid creator of George Basine and Erik Dorn, the apostolic chronicler of Fantasius Mallare's phallic crucifixion.

These brief and widely scattered miniatures of Chicago's life, written under pressure for a newspaper, show a merry, a horrified, a kindly and tender Ben Hecht. The story of the rabbis who hid beneath the seats in the Russian railway train to escape paying fare, and chanted their prayers in a solemn moan, could not have been done better by Montague Glass. The story of the man who was afraid, or of the killer whom the police were hunting, has the leitmotif of horror known to Poe. The



tribute to Bert Williams, blackface merry-maker, shows us the heart of Ben Hecht better than his clever, ruthless dissection of Fanny Basine's maidenly eroticism.

We have always thought there was much to this man Hecht; and after reading his *Afternoons* we can see more. All who read *Gargoyles* must read it; and all who read it must read *Gargoyles*. Those who have read neither are unfortunate.

IT might be well to begin a survey of new novels with what is heralded as the first novel, *The Story of Flamenca* (\$2.50), translated from the Provençal by William Aspenwall Bradley. The meat of any modern story is here: the unhappy marriage, the disappointed wife, the new lover. The lady had been married by five bishops and ten abbots, but even that august array of clerical talent was not sufficient to knot the knot perdurately. The gentleman in the case persuaded her of a higher love transcending the shackles of bourgeoisie marriage, and thereafter "many times did they kiss each other on the mouth and on the hands and on the neck." The style may be a bit sugary, but the purpose is honest and non-Puritan. Our friends Boccaccio or des perières, or Balzac in his *Contes Drolatiques*, were not superior.

The daughter of a wealthy house whose spiritual revolts form the nucleus of *Being Respectable* (\$2), Grace Flandrau's strong and vivid novel, felt herself repressed because her father considered it improper to discuss at dinner table "love and babies and sex relations in general." There is a time for sociological and physiological talk, and there is a time for prayer. But there is also a time for beefsteak.

Notwithstanding its being another whack at the Midwest town, *Being Respectable* is an accurate and stimulating story of the ennui and inertia born of wealth, and of the frustration of material fullness. We may trust little Millicent learned that at the last, she who had dreamed of being so very rich all men would want to marry her.

How much of the genius of the title story in *The Gentleman from San Francisco*

(\$1.50), which contains long stories by I. A. Bunin, is due to the translator, D. H. Lawrence, we don't know. This title story, published originally in the *Dial*, contains tremendous descriptions of the sea, of the great liner, a modern hotel with its own newspaper and bands and gymnasium, which plowed through sleet and hurricane toward Naples. In Naples the Gentleman from San Francisco, old and rich, dreamed of finding love and gold skies and supernal delight; but his dream was a dream of death.

At Coney in the old days the protagonist of *Hot Corn Ike* (\$2) held sway, as told by James L. Ford. He was ward boss and political king of his time. Ford has reconstructed as excellent a picture of New York's political and social underworld twenty years ago as the picture of Wall Street pikes and pickerel given by Gareth Garret in his recently successful *The Driver*. *Hot Corn Ike*, *The Driver* and Charles Hanson Towne's *The Chain* form as complete and interesting a picture as could be painted of the old New York of *Sunlight and Shadows* time.

*PERADVENTURE; or the Silence of God* (\$2), the latest story of a passionate clergyman by Robert Keable, author of *Simon Called Peter* and *The Mother of All Living* and co-author of *The New Decameron*, induces us to pause in the midst of a tremendous publishing season, where in more books on more subjects in more languages with more type are being written by more authors than ever before in recorded history, to inquire peradventure what is this Silence? Ladies of the astral faith sometimes go into the silence, but only after payment of a fee. The silence has endured long from Rudyard Kipling, but we hope it will not endure forever. Other writers, with less to say, scorn silence as the supreme sage scorns words.

The hero of *Peradventure* believed that the only living realities are God and Jesus Christ; such fiery faith is known to some men even these days. But then he met Ursula. What was "the maid Ursula's



charm"? No "little silver crucifix to keep the soul from harm." Ursula, we believe, may be translated as "a little female bear." Ursula preferred to go in swimming dressed that way, as did Lilla of *Homely Lilla*.

In his emancipation from the dogmas of orthodoxy, Paul, the young minister, is taught by Ursula to appreciate the beauty and grace of a native dancer "regularly featured, superbly framed, her raven black hair flowing loose about her, crowned with a scarlet flower. Her skirt was diaphanous and spangled; a sort of loose scarf was held by a clasp between her breasts but floated in a cloud about her as she moved. Her shapely bare back, her curved and lithesome body firm, her twinkling little feet light, her color was at any rate white." Other Pauls, less orthodox, need no instruction from Ursulas or from art masters to appreciate such beauties.

The description quoted is pictorial. Pardon us if we rise to inquire when is a lady superbly framed? And to note that the color of a raven is not black, but a sort of bluish-greenish-purplish brown. These are but thistledown matters, light as wind.

At the last, seated by the African sea shore, clasping each other about the mutual waist, "for Paul Kestern and Ursula Manning, for both of them, the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them passed away, and there was vision of a new heaven and a new earth." We may assume that marriage followed; and the conventions are saved from wreck.

A good deal of important space is devoted to discussion of Church of England ritualism, a question more pressing to the English than to us. It is curious that the same problem, the problem of Catholicism, the Established Church, and Dissension, has been intensely and vigorously handled in two novels of recent publication—Compton Mackenzie's *The Altar Steps*, and Ernest Oldmeadow's tremendous trilogy of *Coggin*, *The Hare*, and *Wildfang*.

ON with the dance! is one minor chord of *Town and Gown* (\$2) by Lynn and Lois Seymour Montross; and here is how

it's done: "They did not talk while they pat-patted through intricate slidings and dodgings. They did not seem to breathe. A young lady let herself be clutched by the nape of the neck or the shoulder or the backbone. She maintained a solemn expression with a trace of dazed hypnotism in it. The man exhibited a frozen smile and rolled his eyes frequently toward the flickering Japanese lanterns. A few couples sizzled up and down as though they were popcorn; others dashed to the side with confusing little rushes, stopping as if stunned, and vacillated for long, painstaking moments; still others loped in measured, sneaking strides about the room as if they were stalking some elusive prey."

That is the way they dance in the Pi Mug frat houses at the co-ed universities, we learn. The long short stories in this book are exceedingly well done, both for their fine humor and for their observant sympathy. The dreams of professors, the ambitions of youth, the gaiety of petters and snuggle-puppers, the uneasiness of girls who have no fondness for being kissed promiscuously and at large, are all amusingly and sincerely told. Only one picture seemed false, that of the giant football captain with his brain of a twelve-year old boy. The Montrosses obviously are not fond of muscularity; but unless football is played in co-educational Midwest universities in other manner than in the East, it is necessary for even giant football captains to have brains in their feet. It was a personal misfortune that the giant captain had little pig eyes, but nothing on which criminal indictment could be found. Large, damp eyes are not a sign of profound mentality. Observe the cow.

Vastly more story material lies in the Western universities than in the shaded Gothic campuses of Yale and Princeton and in the Harvard Yard. The perfection of the undergraduate of the old universities dulls all sharp edges; he is a polished pebble. Even his bifurcated hair is slick, and he wears clothes which are a uniform. But in the co-educational universities we have culture in the rough, sometimes in the



tough. And things rough and tough are mental meat to chew on.

The introduction of the opposite sex, moreover, increases by the Nth power the material for drama. An Eve-less Eden has existed; but its annals, though possibly blessed, are meager. Helen was necessary for Troy. Without the woman element the saga of Sigurd would be a dull recounting of thwacking and hacking; while *La Vie Parisienne* would go out of business.

**HOMELY LILLA** (\$1.90), Robert Her-  
rick's latest, is another story of a woman's revolt for independence. Lilla, so homely that all men desire her without reason, is one of those burning flames unjustly confined to the iron walls of a stove, wherein she gives out much heat. She has a passion for shedding her clothes and bathing in accessible places; also for taking long journeys through the woods. In one of these journeys with her cousin she has an experience which undoubtedly will be read by many respectable women with keen zest; they will discover much meaning in the convenient dots, which, though small, cover a multitude of censorship. It is the sort of thing which builds circulation for popular women's magazines.

"IT is a strange thing," says the old doctor in *The Road to the Open* (\$2.50), the new novel of Viennese life by Arthur Schnitzler, author of *Casanova's Homecoming*. "It is a strange thing, but even among the young people, who have grown up on Nietzsche and Ibsen, there are quite as many Philistines as there were thirty years ago. They don't own up to it, but it does go against the grain with them, for instance, if some one goes and seduces their sister." Schnitzler's picture of the old Viennese aristocracy girding itself against the Jews is background of the story of a highly selfish young man of that aristocracy who, having lapsed into an affair with a girl he considered socially and racially beneath him, learned the weariness and illusion of vanity.

*Swann's Way* (\$5) is a picture by Marcel

Proust of Parisian social life in some ways comparable to Schnitzler's picture of Wien. This two-volume book is the first part of *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, "looking back to a lost time," a semi-autobiographical narrative the latter parts of which are promised. It is beautifully stylistic; the translator, Scott Moncrieff, has conveyed the French into clear and melodious English idiom, a task made easier by the purity of the original French. The publishers should be credited with putting forth a good book in attractive and striking form.

Something of the flavor of *Jean-Christophe* lingers in the opening chapters of *Swann's Way*, with its recordings of the boy-artist's awakening creative instincts, physical and spiritual. The main story is of the love affair of Swann, man of society, of wealth and learning and a passion for women, who suffered a crushing desire for a woman of easy fame. The satire and bitter jest of that desire was, as Swann himself cries when he had exorcised it: "To think I have wasted years of my life, that I have longed for death, that the greatest love I have ever known has been for a woman who did not please me, who was not in my style!" Such love as Swann's is born often of a curious distaste, more often than we can analyze.

We much prefer *Swann's Way* to the much-shouted-about *A Rebours* of Huysmans (whom Lawton Mackall calls Wheezeman), for Proust is sane, he is not absorbed by quaint pathological states, and his Swann is fundamentally a man, and decent.

**HUGH MACNAIR KAHLE**R'S stories in *The East Wind* (\$2) are mostly *Saturday Evening Post* material. We infer no derogation; a story in that periodical is always a story and often well done. Kahler's are well done, with here and there a sweep of words and power of ideas which are beyond the ordinary. They show a love of the soil and downright, unquestioning social philosophy whose force suffers somewhat by an apparent desire to be always on the right side. That, of course, is one



of the two ways of attaining an immense following. The other way is to be always in the wrong.

An English novel which received a prize of £250 is given to us with the American publication of *Secret Drama* (\$2) by Isabel Beaumont. The motif, lesson, theme, and plot, is contained in a mother's jealousy. The theme is not unreminiscent of *Indian Summer*, by Emily Grant Hutchings, published last fall. We recommend it for all jealous, egocentric women who imagine that in creating a child they have acquired a divine right of disposition of their creation. We do not recommend it for young fillies (as they say in France) who suffer from delusions of maternal persecution.

In Yorkshire, pretty little June, the heroine of Diana Patrick's *Dusk of Moonrise* (\$2) is nearly brought to ruin and disgrace by a seducer; for such things happen even in Yorkshire. But in the end she wins the love of an honest man (what if he is in jail?), and lives, we hope, happily forever after; if such things happen in Yorkshire.

*Peter Jameson* (\$1.25), by Gilbert Frankau, author of the recent best-selling *Love Story of Aliette Brunton*, tells of a woman who found a satisfactory passion after ten years of marriage. The War enters in; or rather, her husband enters in the War. It makes a man of him, for wars make men either men or corpses. A clear and uncompromising view of army inefficiency is contained, corroborating in fictional form the plain picture given in that other best seller, Charles Edward Montague's *Disenchantment*.

THE younger generation revolts again in Edwina Stanton Babcock's *Under the Law* (\$1.75). The younger generation has kept up a longer battle for its liberties than the Irish, a battle as long as the monkey's tail or the rattlesnake's neck, or the appendage of whatever was the progenitor of humanity. The difficulty of the revolt of the younger generation is that its leaders are lured by the specious promises of that betrayer, Time, into the ranks of the foe,

and turn coats without a quiver. The revolver becomes the revolted. He spansks on the same spot he was spanked.

For ourselves, it makes no particular difference whether adolescents wear full hose, rolled hose, or none; whether they smoke cigarets, cubebs, an old clay pipe, the tramp's delight, or chew tobacco; whether they wear their round little hats over the right eye or the left eye; whether they cover their upper lips with red paint, white-colored moustaches, or leave them nude. It makes no difference at all. Rome wasn't ruined by revolting adolescents, but by respectable old Senators who chewed cigars.

An extraordinarily good story of Russia under Revolution is *Futility* (\$1.75), by William Gerhardt. A mountain is mighty because it is stone, but it is inert because it is stone. Futility has long been the synonym of the Russia of the Czars; and the economics of Lenin and the battalions of Trotzky have not altered it. Futile starvation. Futile massacre. Futile vision of the people of a Nirvanic future of futility. Gerhardt tells how the peasants thought "Revolution" was a woman who had succeeded the Czar, and cried for her, and fought for her, this queen supreme. Well, we do that, too, crying and fighting for the ikon of Liberty. One of the characters in *Futility* puts his finger on Russia's woe: "There are honest men in Russia and there are clever men in Russia, but there are no honest clever men in Russia." It is an amusing observation by Gerhardt that anarchists, with their black flags, their symbols of the death's head and bones, their grim fanatic visages, are regarded with as much horror by good Bolsheviks as the Bolsheviks are regarded by the *Morning Post*. Nicholas Romanoff, last of the Cæsars (or does that purple toga rest yet on William Hohenzollern?) might have regarded the *Morning Post* with equal horror. And the anarchists may so regard the men who invent poison gas.

Gerard Hopkin's *An Unknown Quantity* (\$2) is a study of the marriage of a man of genius to a woman intellectually his inferior. She realizes that his genius is her



lethal rival, and conspires to ruin it. The same tune was played by Ben Hecht in his character of Doris; it has been played before. The scene is London.

Another story of London is Conal O'Riordan's *In London* (\$1.90), this time the London of war; and of course a young Irishman who finds his romance. The penultimate chapter is "And so they were married"; the ultimate is "And lived happily ever after?"

O Romance, Romance! That question mark, friends and fellow countrymen, is the sign of the times.

FOR an easily read, humorous and interesting story of life on a great newspaper's staff, we recommend *Deadlines* (\$1.75), by Henry Justin Smith of the *Chicago Daily News*. Editor Smith has made human and humorous those mysterious characters of detective fiction, the Cub, the Star Reporter, the City Editor, and the Old Man. Says the Star Reporter: "I abhor writing. I can't conceive why any two-legged beings adopt writing as an occupation. Putting words on paper—ugh! I made a speech to a women's club once. I said: 'Literature is all slop. Your favorite authors are a bunch of fakers. I am an idiot. You are all idiots or you wouldn't listen to me.' There was no applause," said the Star Reporter. But we may conceive of an applause of copies of Browning, vanity cases, shoes, hats, gloves, lipsticks, and hair nets. Why this heresy, Star Reporter, why this blasphemy, Mr. Smith, in Chicago, the Athens of America?

IN *Druida* (\$2.50), John T. Frederick has created a living soul, a creation so intense we must believe *Druida* has her counterpart in the author's observation. Born on a naked Northwestern farm of mysterious parentage, *Druida* had the vision of beauty, the thirst for knowledge. Frederick has incorporated some remarkably fine passages, and shows comprehension of souls which are born and live close to the soil. The prayer of the missionary-doctor over *Druida*'s mother's grave has the solemnity of a paean:

"Almighty God, revealed to us in the cycle of the seasons and in the changeable sky, Thou hast made the life of man also a thing of change. Its beginning and its end are mysteries through which we seek Thee darkly."

The fairies have left the city streets, poets say, and perhaps God has left them, too. But close to the universal body of Nature, who gives life and takes it again, who holds in mysterious union the seed of all dead days and the fruition of all tomorrows, men have consciousness of a presence. Nature itself, sensate or insensate, is inapprehensible by the strength of man and incomprehensible to the mind of man, and hence by any definition is itself a God.

That intense passion of natural living Frederick has put into *Druida*. His virtue lies in no cheap cynicism or a consciousness of superiority to the people of whom he tells. We cannot see that the land he pictures, unadorned and elemental as it is, is a mean or base land.

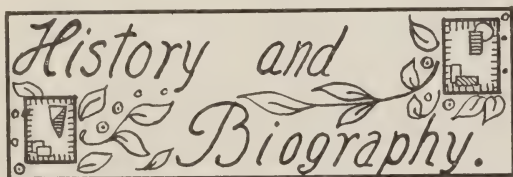
Had *Druida* not been hailed as one of the great novels of the year, there would be no need for criticism. But greatness cannot rest unassaulted. Machinery creaks too much in the story. Characters disintegrate so rapidly it seems that behind the characters is no character at all. And the author has a certain feminine credulity in the efficacy of gossip to ruin young ladies' names, to excite calm college presidents, to make elderly spinsters take to religion and physicians take to drink. He has also what should be called the villain complex.

HAVE you read *David Harum*? No, it's not a new one of the month. Just twenty-five years ago this best seller was published and an anniversary edition has been brought out at \$3. We did not read it at its original publication, being then interested in books on how to speak the English language and on the proper down-bringing of parents. To us now it seems but a curious memento of a fast-vanishing American dialect and an American sense of humor that perished with Josh Billings. The Hoosier Schoolmaster, it is true, said



"p'int" for "point" and "wal" for "well," as does David Harum. Both happen to have been good usage in the days of Oliver Goldsmith, with sound literary history behind them; but we, being a people peculiarly desirous of culture, have long regarded such pronunciation as food for mirth.

It was not such provincial grotesqueries alone which made *David Harum* the talk of a previous generation's Younger Generation, but a sound creation of character. Yet literary fashions change rapidly. We are reminded of the publisher's blurb on the jacket of *Birthmarks* (\$2), Matt J. Holt's romance of Kentucky after the Revolution. Say the publishers of *Birthmarks*: "This is a clean story with a measure of literary merit, written in the style which entertained twenty years ago." The style which entertained twenty years ago brings now but the soporific gape; certainly if the story is a clean story.



**H**ISTORY is the least exact of sciences, but the most exact of lies. Professor Beppo Hall of Princeton agrees with us that the only complete history of any given period would be an accurate journal of the deeds, the thoughts, and the unconscious urgings of every single soul which lived during that period. With such exactitude a man cannot write the history of his own life.

And even should we have available such complete records, we cannot ignore the past. Nations are centuries old, races are millenniums old, man is a creation of aeons, and the beginning of life is veiled in incomprehensibility. Yet beyond the veils of that utmost incomprehensibility lurk forces which shape our fates; and dead hands, long sand and water, mold the invisible destinies of governments.

Bismarck is alive today. You could raise a million men to die for Napoleon, who is not dead. Did not Arthur with Excalibur appear at Mons? The shadow of Attila, of Ghengis Khan and Tamurlane, lies heavy on the West.

Dr. Henry Russell Norris has estimated offhand that it would require the square of four million light years to read the equation expressing the interrelations of electrons in a single human body during one-hundredth of one second of time. Something of that complexity rests in history.

What is history? Battles and discoveries are history. But so are finances, religions, diseases, inventions, languages, even modes of dressing the hair. When the Roundheads clipped their hair to the rim of a bowl they overset England more than did Norman William at Senlac.

Today is as much a part of history as the day when Anthony's great triremes turned tail and fled from Actium. The epochs of the world cannot be summed up in fifteen decisive battles, nor in any multiple; for catastrophic battles are fought in the midst of peace, and no battle is decisive.

**T**HE greatest intensity in the affairs of nations now centers in the Near East. If, as many ethnologists believe, man had his origin on the Oxus by the Aral Sea, the climactic vortex of his career moves eastward like a tornado spout toward the place of his beginning. Henry Adams would have said that in the nearer East history approaches its perihelion.

What is the impulse of the struggle there between Greek and Turk?—a struggle thousands of years old, but in the past twenty-five years growing swiftly more intense until it threatens mutual destruction. Is it a religious, or racial, or linguistic antipathy; or an odium born of incompatible commercial interests?

The best book we know to deal justly and impartially with the Near Eastern question is *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey* (\$5), by Arnold J. Toynbee. Professor Toynbee believes that "the Greeks have shown the same unfitness as the Turks



for governing a mixed population . . . . In the last stage of the redistribution of Near and Middle Eastern territories, the atrocities which have accompanied it from the beginning have been revealed in their true light, as crimes incident to an abnormal process, which all parties have committed in turn, and not as the peculiar practice of one denomination or nationality." He sees in the rivalries of great European powers the secret poison which has set nationkin against nationkin, burning themselves to pull chestnuts from the fire for great nations which like chestnuts.

He tells of the reign of terror when the Greek conquerors first came to Smyrna, giving no honor to the white flag of truce, shooting civilian crowds without discrimination of nationality, and bayoneting prisoners of war. He tells of the organized atrocities of the Turks in 1921, when they began a systematic destruction of a whole nation with businesslike efficiency.

"The crimes of the Turks are undoubtedly exaggerated in popular Western denunciations, and the similar crimes committed by Near Eastern Christians in parallel situations are almost always passed over in silence. At the same time, the facts substantiated against the Turks (as well as against their neighbors) by authoritative investigation are so appalling that it is almost a matter of indifference whether the embroideries of the propagandists are counterfeit or genuine . . . . We can only modify the conduct of the Turks by altering their frame of mind, and our only means of doing that is to change our own attitude toward them. So long as we mete out one measure to them, another to the Greeks, and yet a third to ourselves, we shall have no moral influence over them."

There is little encouragement in Toynbee's summary of this welter of assassinations, rapine, and torture. Russia, he holds, has preserved her own integrity by following not too closely the models of Western civilization, a civilization unsuited for her people. It is the overshadowing example of the West, the strong desire of Near Eastern peoples to attain the political and

cultural level of the West, which has induced the unparalleled murders of whole nations by Ottoman and Greek. God help us!

WHEN Djemal Pasha came into the military governorship of Constantinople after the *coup d'état* of '13, the body of his assassinated predecessor was lying where it had fallen, as he narrates in his *Memories of a Turkish Statesman, 1913-1919* (\$6). As he walked behind the funeral cortège Djemal prophesied that he would meet the same end. Now a decade has gone by, and the oracles are fulfilled.

At that time Djemal said to the French Military attaché (as Toynbee now says): "The Europeans alone are responsible for this victim." Djemal shows how the mutual jealousies of the great powers kept green Turkey's confidence in her military power and moral rightness, fostering faith in the *fait accompli*, the legality of the sword.

Djemal was one of the triumvirs who ruled Turkey after the *coup d'état*. He credits to himself in great measure the entry of Turkey into the Second Balkan War; when the former allied enemies of Turkey were fighting among themselves for the spoils of victory, and Turkey, that lean and beaten hound, leaped back to snatch the bone.

Djemal's attitude in all things, he admits, was "just and impartial." He had a horror of the policy of mass murder used for forty years on the Armenians. He does not mince words there (however much the Armenians were minced), but calls it a political blunder. While political blunders are not a capital offence by the penal statutes of any nation save Greece, undoubtedly they will be attended to by an outraged Divinity.

Having been appointed Governor of Adana immediately after the massacre there of 1909, "No one was better qualified than I to enquire into the psychological causes of this massacre, one of the most painful events in the history of our constitution."

In enquiring the psychological causes, Djemal admits that word was secretly passed around to all Turks to be prepared



for an Armenian uprising; but he insists that the Armenians, outnumbered ten to one, were the aggressors in a horror which resulted in the murder of women and children to the number of seventeen thousand, and the burning of village after village.

Djemal Pasha has been accused of no small responsibility for the terror of 1915, when a policy of extermination was undertaken against a nation of two million people. He denies that responsibility; it was he who saved a hundred and fifty thousand widows and orphans in Aleppo and Beirut. He even opened granaries and gave bread to thousands dying of starvation. Dives was forgiven for a few crumbs of bread. How much more Djemal Pasha?

Of the million Armenians torn from their homes and forced on the long marches across the deserts, Djemal estimates that no more than six hundred thousand perished by starvation or the sword and fire of Kurd and Turk. Is it Josephus who declares after Jerusalem fell to the implacable legionaries of Vespasian, and the hundreds of thousands who escaped Roman crucifixion were scattered like dust among the nations, that God promised such terrible destruction would not be visited again upon a nation so long as the world endured? The year 1915 saw a greater horror than wreaked by the Roman Titus.

While passing over the Armenian destruction with a sigh and a wave of his hand, Djemal goes deeply into massacres of Turks by Armenians during 1918. His authority is the reports of Bolshevik officers stationed around Erzerum, which are cruel reading. The ferocity of ferrets, which hunt past surfeit, with bloody slaver on their jaws, for love of the kill, has rendered insane the conflicting nationalities as they have in turn been hunters and hunted.

Djemal Pasha intimates that all Armenians should have been killed, for they were assassins, not fighters. They should have been assassinated.

A curious inter-reading on the outbreak of the Great War may be gained from Djemal's book, with whatever reticence he speaks. Before the middle of July, 1914,

he was in Paris for the naval manœuvres, and suggested a Franco-Turkish alliance to close an iron ring about Germany; the price he hinted for Turkish aid in case of war were some of the Greek islands and guarantees from Russia. His proffer of alliance was refused, and Turkey closed with Germany. Even then, three weeks before the opening of the War, Djemal was aware that the Serajevo crime would lead to a universal war.

The man on the street in Paris, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg, didn't know it. Where did Djemal Pasha get his knowledge?

**I**N connection with Turkey's secret war treaty with Germany on the eve of the holocaust, A. L. Kennedy has an interesting chapter in his *Old Diplomacy and New*, 1876-1922 (\$5), a survey of British foreign policy and action from Salisbury to Lloyd George. Kennedy believes that Turkey decided at the last hour to throw in her forces with the Central Empires because of England's failure to deliver the two super-dreadnaughts, the *Sultan Osman* and the *Reshadieh*, which she had been building for the Ottoman Navy. The dilatory attitude of England in the completion and delivery of these two great battleships in June and July, 1922, is a subject of bitter complaint from Djemal; at the last they were requisitioned by Britain for her navy, and Turkey never saw them save perhaps as beleaguering sharks of war at the gates of the Dardanelles.

If it were for the sake of two battleships that Turkey joined the German powers, England paid a bankrupt price, as the sands of Gallipoli know. But it is impossible to ascertain accurately whether it was the loss of her two proud ships-of-war, or fear of Russia, or hate of Serbia, or a wrong reading of the auguries which brought Turkey into the bundobust with Germany.

**O**N the correspondence page we publish a letter by Mufty-Zade K. Zia Bey, whose *Speaking of the Turks* was noted in our last number. By culture and marriage and long residence Zia is Westernized; and



it was with partly Western eyes he beheld his native land on a recent return after a decade of absence. He presents an intimate view of Turkish family life, and offers an ardent apologia for his people and nation.

The statement to which his letter takes exception, that the Chinese might object to being classed with the Turks, was not a meaningless statement. Certainly the Chinese object to being classed with the Japanese, and, though they are too polite to tell us, no doubt they consider their state of blessedness superior to our own. A singularly peaceful race, they have borne the assaults of warlike barbarians through ages older than history. Even Mr. Zia in his most partizan periods could not ascribe passive meekness to the Turks, Seljuk or Ottoman. Seljuk and Ottoman, they have been men or war.

Herdsmen are warriors. The Chinese has been always the tiller, the fisher, the merchant and builder of cities. As one of the seven wonders of man's handiwork still stands the Great Wall of China, built to fend from out a peaceful, lawful land the hordes of Manchu and Mongol predatory devastators. And the Manchu and the Mongol (as perhaps the ancient Avars and the Huns) are blood-cousins to the Turk.

Mr. Zia Bey assumes the basest ignorance of Turkey among our people; but there are few among the cultured readers his book will interest who have not read their Loti, or who believe that every Turk has seven wives to dance the dance of veils before him morn and night. Illusory traditions passed on orally from the time of the Crusades are still a mythical faith with many millions of honest peasants, it is true; and no doubt in Iowa or Yorkshire or Burgundy are God-fearing folk who believe ineradicably that the Turk breathes flame and eats little children raw, like Moloch. But for any credulous goblin myths current among our peasantry, Mr. Zia could find a match among his own people. And as for the educated classes of the two civilizations, we do not believe we understand them less than they understand us.

Mr. Zia, more lightly than even Djemal Pasha, tosses aside as "propaganda and fables" reports of Turkish atrocities. Allowing no more than Djemal's estimate of six hundred thousand murdered in one exodus, it is impossible to propagandize away or fable away six hundred thousand souls. If they were angels they cannot be prayed away, nor if they were demons can they be exorcised away.

"Five times a day they" (the Turks) "give thanks to the Almighty, fervently confirming their faith that there is no god but God . . . . For my part, I can't believe these people capable of even hurting a fly or of killing a wolf, unless it be in self-defence."

Catherine de Medicis held high mass after Bartholomew's; and Charlemagne fed the Saxons to the sword with prayer. In all wars by all nations the benignity of God is soundly assured. If five, or fifty times five, times a day men give thankful prayer that there is no god but their God, it is not a guarantee of innocence or immaculacy. If we assured Mr. Zia that our hunger for Mosul oil is sanctified because young Mr. Rockefeller is a Sunday-school teacher, we would pardon his laughter.

We do not wish, like the young men who write burning declamations and indictments in the *New Republic* or the *Liberator*, to roll our eyes and grind our face and chew our cheeks. We have no smallest belief that goodness is the peculiar property of any nation, race, creed, political party, or fraternal order. Does Mr. Zia believe the Turk is no better than the Greek or the Levantine?

Who is a Levantine? "Anyone who is from the Near East and calls himself a non-Muslim Turk is a Levantine." That is clear: Near Easterners are Turks or Levantines. What is a Levantine? "The Levantine is the parasite of the Near East. He has no country, no scruples, no morals, no honesty of any sort."

In parts of our own South may be found earnest mouthers who speak of the negro with that sort of universal loathing. But we have yet to know the Southerner, who



presumes to speak with the honesty and fairness to which Mr. Zia presumes, who would enter such an indictment against a whole race.

In Angora are gathered now the makers of a new Turkey. Zia Bey gives a vivid picture of the activities of this newly inspired Moslemdom, gathered from the edges of the earth ("the quota from Africa is very large"), to build Turkey's power anew.

To build a more honest Turkey, a government whose word is good among the nations? To build a more representative Turkey, before whose law Greek and Armenian, Arab, Kurd, Turk, and Levantine stand as peers? To build an incorruptible Turkey, a wall of peace and bulwark of the oppressed?

This "nation capable of getting the goat of the most prominent statesmen of the age" is "firmly determined not only to maintain but even to extend the new Turkey." To extend it where—beyond Prag again, again hammering at the walls of Vienna?

The Western nations are not motivated by religious impulses. An oil well or a coal mine has more validity at their council tables than the Nicene Creed and the *Book of Common Prayer*. Since Duke Alva harried the Netherlands or Oxenstern burned Germany, the West has known no holy war. Combing the lunatic asylums, not a hundred men could be enrolled in this country to go to war against the Mormons, the Sultan, the Patriarch, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Pope.

The Moslem has been last to carry religion by the sword, to kill for the glory of his God. And Francis of France, progenitor of the Most Christian King, had no slightest scruple to call in the Moslem against Charles of Austria. Since Constantine fell fighting in the breach of his lost walls, the attitude of the West toward the empire of the Osmanlis may have been impelled by greed, by lust for power, by falsity and a thousand manners of sins; but it has never been remotely motivated by creed.

But what is the threat of the new Turkey? "We feel that the world might yet be plunged in a terror still worse than that

of the great war," if the Turks join with "their Nihilistic neighbors of the North, at the head of millions of Central Asiatic tribes, at the head of millions of Muslims now groaning under the heels of their conquerors; a terror which might be darker than the blackest periods of the Darkest Ages."

If Mr. Zia Bey is prophesying the lifting once again of the horse-tail, drum, and banner, if he hears the distant tocsin of a new and more deadly holy war, we must remind him that Europe has no notion of letting any millions of Central Asiatic tribes plunge it back into the Dark Ages.

Charles Hammer went against the Saracens not because they were Moslems, but because they were burning up the pleasant lands of France, and stealing horses, and chopping off men's hands, and otherwise making themselves a nuisance. And he swopped them down at Tours. The iron of that hard Hammer is not rust.

THE first hundred years are the hardest; Baron Rosen had not quite that much. In his *Forty Years of Diplomacy* (\$7.50), however, he crowded in enough fame and powerful living as any hundred men might attain. It is needless to say that anyone interested in those forty years of international history, of wars and alliances and intrigues and dinners with wine, will find highly satisfying the former Ambassador's two-volume book of memoirs.

Rosen's memory extended back to a world as unlike our own as Rome. He represented Russia in feudal Japan, and witnessed the revolution which overturned the Shogunate and brought Japan in one step a thousand years towards modernity. He watched the beginnings of the Turko-Russian war and of the far greater Russo-Japanese war. His comments and memories of our own national politics in the time of Cleveland, of Garfield and Blaine, when he was acting Ambassador at Washington, give new views of our own history.

Rosen recounts a speech made by Colonel Harvey at a dinner to the Russian members of the Portsmouth convention which made



peace after the Japanese war, a speech interesting today because of the current exalted position of the speaker. In 1905, Colonel Harvey arose to say that in a modified degree England was our mother country. Do we perceive a red-headed gentleman in the back of the hall arise and utter a prolonged Irish hiss?

TO Ali, otherwise Louis Etienne St. Denis, the valet of Napoleon, his master was not a hero, but a demi-god. Nevertheless he was a valet, and his *Napoleon from the Tuileries to St. Helena* (\$3), is filled with memories of the soups to which the fallen giant was partial, and explanations of the difficulties of changing sheets on Napoleon's dying bed.

A tragedy lies in St. Helena more stupendous than that which lies on the pyramids. "Napoleon never did anything without mature reflection, so that he never reproached himself with what he had done. I have heard him say that if he had to run his career over again, and the same circumstances occurred, he would again do what he had done before."

That is the determination of a steel will, and not a broken king's defiance. He had been the sword of the Revolution, he had uttered laws to the heirs of the Caesars, he had made the nations shake. His name was written over a half page of history. All that would he do and be again, in like circumstances; he would try again the titanic usurpation. Did he not say so, he, Napoleon, conversing with his valet by the sea, waiting for the ships which did not come?

Yet at the last "he looked upon death as a boon: he prayed that it might come to deliver him from the persecution of the Holy Alliance." In this bare, unidealized journal of a valet, we believe there is more epic tragedy than in all Marlowe's thundering *Tamurlane*. Thinking of Napoleon and Caesar, how merciful was Brutus.

W. D. McCrackan writes of *The New Palestine* (\$5), an interesting story of recent travels in the Holy Land, including a survey of the British mandate;

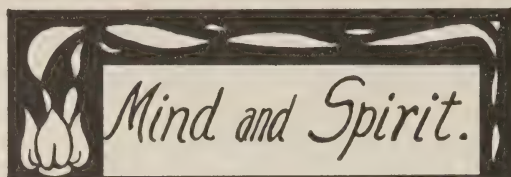
he has collected a mass of unusual photographs of localities and characters. *Japan in Transition* (\$1.25) is filled with photographs of workers in field and factory; Loretta Shaw, the author, has gone out of the traveled highways in her search for the spirit behind Japan's modern industrialism. Edith Ogden Harrison went from the new Palestine to Japan in transition, as she tells about in her *All the Way 'Round* (\$3.50). She went from Ragoon to Mandalay, and found it as fantastic and fascinating a journey as Kipling's British soldier; she adventured into Burma, Siam, Ceylon, China, India, the Philippines, and used her camera on tabooed jungle temples and on the faces of old gods.

E. J. Wickson writes of *Rural California* (\$2.50), and Frank G. Carpenter tells of his adventures *From Tangier to Tripoli* (\$3), with pictures of beautiful Moor girls and scowling Moor men. *The Argonauts of '49* (\$3.50) is a compilation from original documents, by Octavius T. Howe, of the men who sailed around the Horn for the land of red gold. James Bryce's *Memories of Travel* (\$2.50) include observant anecdotes and information of the great historian's travels over the earth, in Iceland, Poland, in Palestine and the then unsmudged shadows of the South Seas.

But perhaps the most interesting travels, surely the most adventurous, are told of in Mary Hastings Bradley's *On the Gorilla Trail* (\$5). Through the Belgian Congo and the naked wildernesses of Uganda, Mrs. Bradley adventured, killing lions, gorillas, and other timid forest fauna with no more concern than other women would have in killing a roach. She knew how to use a camera, and also how to use an express rifle, a weapon more efficacious with lions.

And that reminds us that the publishers of Bertram Gayton's *The Gland Stealers*, the hilarious story of a hunt for gorilla-glands in Africa, tell us that Gayton's book has caused the outfitting of numerous expeditions of elderly men, armed with rifles, water pistols, BB shooters, and pop-guns, prepared to set sail for Africa and kill their monkey for his glands.





IT is the custom in civilized countries to allow six days of the week for practical affairs and the seventh for the impracticality of religion. Only backward races such as the Hindus and Chinese allow themselves more than a limited time for reflection on the meaning of existence, on the truth and falsity in matter and appearance, on the nature of the soul, and the meaning of God. It is true that some exceptionally brilliant minds in the Western world have devoted their utmost energies to reflection on the general nature of life. That their intelligence has been pitifully wasted is clear to any man of common sense, since such great minds, such visionary philosophers never made any money.

Yet we recall the statement of Professor Ralph Perry of Harvard that the most practical thing in this world is the determination of the meaning of the soul. If this world is pure materialism, if the human mind, with its visions, its hopes and despairs, is but a thing of atoms, or electrons, or ions, or any finite particle which dissolves into itself again and has no larger meaning than as a brief phenomenon ending at the time of the body's death, then why all the hurry and flurry, the waste and confusion of ambitions? But if the mind or the spirit live, and this world of noise and strife and barking and howling and confusion is but a transitory illusion, then why again the struggle? In the deepest sense, in the truest sense, in the only sense, Dr. Perry is right.

The only practical question with which man may seriously fret himself is the question of noumena underlying the appearance of all reality. That is a practical question. That is the sole question for whose solution a sensible man may give his life. Power is a bubble which is pricked and floats away on the winds. Fame goes to dust.

The pride of Babel falls. What does it avail a man to be the greatest cheese manufacturer in the world, if cheese is used by but a race of animals which perish?

Hari Govil, who edits *Orient*, that magazine of the Eastern spirit, was in our office the other day; and long we talked about the truth behind creeds and the faith behind religions. "You of the West," said Govil, "spend your lives in acquiring the matter, we of the East in acquiring the meaning. If there is no meaning, we are no better off than you, for we have acquired nothing. But again if there is no meaning, we are no worse off than you, for we subside into the same meaninglessness."

What of our relative spiritual states if there is a divine and infinite Meaning? What if this shuttle train through life on which we have embarked proves an express train through eternity? Where, in the language of the hour, do we get off?

"It is the quality of our work which will please God, and not the quantity," says Mahatma Gandhi in *Orient*. "True religion is not a formal religion, but that which underlies all religions, a religion which brings man face to face with his Maker."

The first week in March is scheduled as Religious Book Week throughout the country. It is the endeavor of men who write books and men who publish them to emphasize during this period the value of religious training. Books of a spiritual character are permanent. They do not die with each season. It would be futile for us to try to call to our readers' attention even the most outstanding books of philosophical and spiritual importance. During the last month a few books of particular importance in spiritual and mental problems have been issued.

Dr. Charles Gore's *Belief in Christ* (\$2.25) is a valuable history of the growth of the Protestant doctrine of Christianity.

Bishop Gore's *Belief in God*, previously published, discusses the validity of theism. His newest book is a development of the reasons for belief in an orthodox religion.

The great English woman preacher, A. Maude Royden, author of *Sex and Com-*



*mon Sense*, discusses *Prayer as a Force* (\$1.25). Miss Royden believes in "the God within us" and in the power of faith to conquer life's disasters.

Salomon Reinach's *A Short History of Christianity* (\$2.75) has been translated into English by Florence Simmonds. It is a thoroughly annotated book of scholarly and unbiased accuracy.

Dr. Edmund Arbuthnott Knox's *On What Authority?* (\$2.50) is an expression of faith by an Evangelical clergyman in the authority of the Holy Spirit and the divinity of Christ.

Miss Royden's *Political Christianity* (\$1.25) contains a series of essays on the application of Christianity to social conditions. Her common sense is evident throughout. She does not spare the cruelties of our so-called Christian civilization, the civilization which fosters wars, which sees the poor on every street and passes by on the other side, which deals with brutal cruelty towards weaklings and the insane.

The title of Karin Stephen's *The Misuse of Mind* (\$2) might well be a condemnation of much of the vast foolishness expended on modern popular psychological studies. The word psychology comes from two roots meaning the soul and knowledge. Psychology has usurped the high seats of philosophy. Modern man is concerned with his own self. Dimly perhaps, inadequately no doubt, erroneously we hope not, man is approaching consciousness of that supreme Logos in which the Psyche has its being. Mrs. Stephen's book, which contains a prefatory letter by Henri Bergson, is an interpretation of Professor Bergson's theories. It is an entertaining and easily understood introduction to all the questions involved in epistemology.

*Four Dimensional Vistas* (\$2) by Claude Bragdon is a striking endeavor to bridge by mathematics the gulf between outward seeming and whatever truth rests in *das Ding an sich*. The positivity of space and time has been long denied by philosophers. Bragdon shows how the fourth dimension, an incomprehensibility to three dimensional minds, but in mathematics a plausible cer-

tainty, may answer the mystery of existence.

*Philosophical Studies* (\$4) by Dr. G. E. Moore is a defense of pragmatism and a discussion of sense perception and the validity of our conception of reality.

A book of specialized interest, but of general appeal, is *Harmonism and conscious Evolution* (\$6) by Sir Charles Walston. Walston correlates music, drama and all the arts in one volume.

George Clarke Peck in *The Pot of Gold* (\$1.25) calls it "a fantastic philosophy that denies the reality of phenomena." It is not a philosophical book, but will appeal by its discursive friendliness.

Ways to increase the influence of the church among its younger people and in its social influence are explained in *The Church at Play* (\$1.50) by Norman E. Richardson. Professor Richardson suggests programs for Boy and Girl Scout Clubs and for church sociables.

*The East in the Light of the West* (\$2.75), by Rudolph Steiner contains the propounding of an eclectic creed which identifies two conflicting forces in the world, the forces of Christ and Lucifer in the West being but phases of the universal struggle between two opposing powers. Dualism having fallen into disrepute as a philosophic and religious theory, we have grown accustomed to denying the existence of evil, an actuality in which Dr. Steiner firmly believes.

*A Neglected Era* (\$2), by Edith Braly, is an interesting history of the Jews, covering the period from the Old Testament to the New, the period of the Apocrypha, from the Babylonian captivity, through the fall of the ancient city beneath the terrible onslaughts of the legions of Titus. Miss Braly has written a remarkably interesting history free from the dogma of religious prejudice and dramatic in its visualization.

Lectures delivered by Albert Einstein at Princeton University are now available in *The Meaning of Relativity* (\$2). Many books explaining this revolutionary physical and mathematical hypothesis have been written, none of them much clearer than



Dr. Einstein's own explanation and none with his authority. Dr. Einstein begins with the origin of our concepts of space and time and proves their invalidity. It is a good book for reading on long winter nights.

William J. Fielding, author of *Sanity in Sex*, analyzes in *The Caveman Within Us* (\$3) the strong impulses of the superficially civilized man. Fielding applies the standard theories of psychoanalysis to ethnology and the history of religions. His work is well indexed and bibliographed and written with annotated reference to authority.

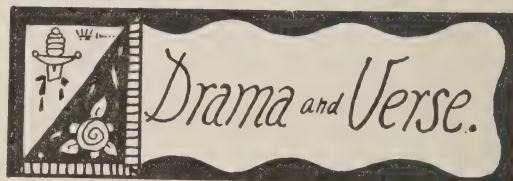
The remarkable furore created by Coué is a byword. Children lisp his name. Lawton Mackall, author of *Bizarre*, says the definition of autosuggestion is a Ford. The newest book stirred up by Couéism is *Auto-suggestion* (\$2) by J. Herbert Duckworth. Mr. Duckworth is somewhat interested in sex. He gives personal remembrances of Coué and explains how autosuggestion can be applied to the individual, by his own volition. He tells a remarkable anecdote, quite as remarkable as it is interesting, of how the mind works. One time he was imprisoned in a Bolshevik prison. In his cell door was a peephole through which day and night he was watched. Around this peephole a former unfortunate had drawn a peculiarly hideous face with the peephole as its single eye. At a later date Duckworth saw a stranger in Revel fall into a state bordering on catalepsy at sight of a one-eyed man, and deduced that this stranger had been likewise imprisoned in the same cell Duckworth had tenanted. His deduction proved correct.

Dr. Marvin Dana tells *How to Train Your Mind* (\$1.25). This is very important information, provided one has a mind. Dr. Dana also writes about *A Perfect Memory, How to Have and Keep It* (\$1). He emphasizes the necessity of visualization for memory. *The Psychology of Golf* (\$1.25) is given serious study by Leslie Schon. The fast-vanishing race of non-golfers assert that golf is a study in psychiatry.

*Character Qualities Outlined and Re-*

*lated* (\$2.50), by Gerald Elton Fosbroke, is a continuation of his two previous books on character reading, in which he defines various characters and characteristics, with photographs and diagrams of how they are expressed on the face. *Human Character* (\$2.50), by Hugh Elliot, is a study of man's secret nature. He makes a sharp observation that some forms of egoism are highly admired virtues, such as courage, industry, and self-confidence. It is an interesting, non-technical book of value to the general reader. *Suggestion and Mental Analysis* (\$1.50), by William Brown, goes fairly deeply into the practice of hypnosis and the practice of psychotherapy.

A book with an interesting title is *Getting What We Want* (\$2.25), by Dr. David Orr Edson. Dr. Edson explains the undeniable fact that no man lives up to the full of his potentialities and few to the tithe of them. He makes a very interesting observation that the aviator's love of the air and the sailor's love of the sea are formed by memories of man's evolution through the stages of bird and fish.



THE remarkable fertility of the English language in rhymes is well illustrated in a poem by B. K. L. of Fort Lyon, Colorado, recently published in Kit Morley's Bowling Green column of the New York *Evening Post*; of which we quote a verse:

"My wife gets all commended books  
Directly from Brentano;  
Her eager mind is fertilized  
By Bowling Green guano."

Woman, however, is one word for which our flexible language affords no perfect rhyme. Why demand perfect rhymes for a creature so perfect, who is to herself and in herself her own rhyme and reason?

Poets not demanding perfect rhymes have made shift with demon or lemon.



In *The Wasteland* (\$1.50), the popular sentimental lyric which won the *Dial's* award of two thousand dollars as the greatest work in literature of 1922, T. S. Eliot concocts perhaps his most musical passage from rhymes for one of the particular synonyms of woman:

"O, the moon shines bright on Mrs. Porter  
And on her daughter.  
They wash their feet in soda water."

Daughter and water have formed, since the time of the young lady who hung her clothes on a hickory limb, a perfect rhyme conforming to the musical requirements of the most sensitive ear. It is probable Mr. Eliot even intended a triplicate rhyme, of Porter, dorter, and soder-worter, after the strong-R pronunciation of Missouri, U. S. A., and Northumbria, England. Reading it that way, nothing more could be asked in the way of song. In fact, hardly so much.

*The Wasteland* is not to be confounded with Zane Grey's *Wanderer of the Wasteland*, also published in the last month, and noted elsewhere. It has been suggested that in itself *The Wasteland* is confounded enough.

Burton Rascoe, of the New York *Tribune*, believes the above quoted couplet or triplet is remarkable poetry. Rascoe carefully explains that the soda-water which inspired the song of the poet is not the ordinary cup spouse of ice cream or whiskey, but a soothing bath for pedal callouses—a sort of home-made substitute for Foot-ease and Tiz, those justly popular patent powders endorsed by motormen, mail carriers, officers of police, banquet speakers, and others who have to be on their feet a great deal.

Mr. Rascoe finds the supremacy of poetry in the simple picture of Mrs. Porter and her presumably lovely daughter washing their tired toes beneath a lunatical moon. Whether description of such sensuous delights is high or interpretative or meaningful poetry is a question not essentially pertaining more to the psyche than to psychiatry.

But *The Wasteland* won the *Dial's* award

last year, and it is certainly a work of moment. It must be read by anyone who desires either large thinking or small talk. When critics stand at such fierce antipodes as they have stood over Eliot's work, the matter in dispute is not negligible.

Not unless we consider all critics negligible.

It is silly, of course, to say *The Wasteland* is a hoax. We cannot agree with its art, being given to ham and eggs, and liking fresh air, and knowing a funny thing without having it diagramed by Krazy Kat. With the gravity of a lady making a crazy quilt, Eliot has woven all kinds of silken, woolen, and flimsy rags into his counterpane. But he didn't do it for a joke, any more than one makes a crazy quilt for a joke, even if the thing made is crazy.

"And I, Tiresias, have foresuffered all  
Enacted on this same divan or bed,  
I who have sat by Thebes beneath the wall,  
And walked among the lowest of the dead—"

There is in that sheer melody which could not be excelled, a gravity of passion which is the supremest art. And again read:

"A woman drew her long black hair out tight,  
And fiddled whispered music on those strings,  
And bats with baby faces in the violet light  
Whistled, and beat their wings,  
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall."

**R**EMINISCENT of *The Earthly Paradise* in its whispering mysticism is the latest verse of John Masefield, *The Dream* (\$1.75). Masefield turns more and more to inward musing, to harkening after the secret voice. His earliest work, with all its superficial look of actuality, is sub-toned with that glorified mysticism. Judith Masefield has very beautifully illustrated *The Dream*.

The hands are the hands of Masefield, but the voice is the voice of Morris:

"There, through the opened windows at my side,  
I saw the stars, and all the tossing wood,  
And in the moonlight mothy owls which cried  
Floating along the covert for their food.  
The night was as a spirit which did brood  
Upon the dead, those multitudes of death  
That had such color once, and now are breath."



A rare Masefield book, likewise published the last month, is *Melloney Holtspur, or the Pangs of Love* (\$2.50), a mystic and ghostly drama. The edition is limited to one thousand autographed copies, and may be disposed of before you read this. It is the dramatic story of how the ghosts of an old unrighteous love lay heavy on young lovers. There are sharp jests; we cherish this supreme epithet for Pharisees: "You vinegar in the salad of your neighbor's sin!"

OLD Don Marquis, who writes a column of inspired wit each day for the New York *Tribune*, and in his idle moments turns off S. R. O. plays, stories, books of wit and books of verse, makes his bow with *Poems and Portraits* (\$1.50). The sire of the Old Soak is not fond of censors:

"The fellowship of Caiaphas were of good repute  
alway—  
But Jesus walked with beggar men and broke  
the Sabbath day;  
He turned the water into wine, one jolly wed-  
ding day.  
The fellowship of Caiaphas, what righteous men  
were they!  
Jesus they hanged between two thieves, for he  
broke their Sabbath day—  
And the fellowship of Caiaphas would slay him  
again today."

For daring to use the word jolly in connection with Jesus surely Don Marquis should be honored. The Nazarene, it is true, was the man of sorrows; but he was also a man of anger and a man of eagerness. Unalleviated sorrow indicates merely physiological melancholia, "black bile." Laughter must have been often near Jesus's lips, he must have often gravely smiled, and perhaps told a jesting story, or he could not have drawn to him in bonds more eternal than death the lusty, strong-thewed sons of earth and the sea, the tax-gatherer, the fisherman. Did he not reply to the Pharisees in bitter mockery, when they approached him with their sour religious faces?

Marquis will never write great serious verse; as he says of himself in his newest book:

"We cannot help it, we are cursed  
With an incorrigible mirth."

That incorrigible mirth is supreme in:

"At midnight in the alley  
A tom-cat came to wail;  
And he chants the hate of . . . million years  
As he swings his snaky tail.  
Malevolent, brindled, bony,  
Tiger and devil and bard,  
His eyes are coals from the middle of Hell,  
And his heart is black and hard."

LEOLYN LOUISE EVERETT, an American whose work has created something of a furore in London, where she has been lately domiciled, is introduced to her compatriots with *Fauns at Prayer* (\$1.50). Perhaps you have already read her *Hills of Arcetri*, also newly published here at \$1.50, poems which sing the fire and color of Italy.

*Oxford Poetry, 1922* (\$1.40) is an interesting little anthology to compare with the recently published *Eight More Harvard Poets*. This is the fourth annual book of verse by undergraduates of the University. A large number of poets are included, most of them with only a single poem. This should indicate that more people write poetry at the English University than at the American, which turns out poets but eight at a time in a land famed for quantity production. Perhaps it is the influence of prohibition.

It is interesting to note verse by young women in the *Oxford Poetry*. Undoubtedly it was some of these same girl poets who have been recently caught straying out of bounds beyond curfew hours, and climbing back to college cloisters over the fence. Poets are prone to midnight prowls, being in that vice akin to Marquis's solitary cat.

The collapse of London Bridge, whose falling has been prophesied by children for some hundreds of years, could not be more catastrophic than the entrance of women into Oxford, that bulwark of the ancient English law. It is the ancient English law, you recall, which permits a man to beat his wife so long as the rod employed is of no greater thickness than his thumb. Perhaps it is the cut of the Oxonian knee-length undergraduate gown which has proved attractive to the frailer sex. As yet none of



them has donned the dark blue to pull stroke sweep in a shell; but the future is always imminent.

From F. W. Bateson's *Estranged* in *Oxford Poetry* we quote:

"My ghost (mortal I dead this night)  
Whistles batlike through crooked orchard trees.  
Old cronies once; now alien these  
I loved. Moon's blurry lantern light  
Half veils, unveiling, fanciful,  
Long barns, grey stacks; those all I knew  
Now know not me. A wail, ghost, too,  
Flutters unechoed over all."

MORE poems in American are gathered in John V. A. Weaver's *Finders* (\$1.50), the title of which is taken from Sandburg's address to "Finders in the Dark." Weaver has a sure sense of the dramatic, keen compression of emotion, and a restraint which is paradoxically classical. It is interesting to note that this original and powerful young poet is turning more to verses "in English."

To us it seems an absurdity that literary and political radicals who believe in no nationalism should yet strive to create a national language. We are not speaking of Weaver, whose politics are unknown to us. If the day of universal fraternity is ever to come, it will come with a universal language sooner than with a universal race. The Walloon who speaks French is closer knit to the Gascon than to his own compatriots who speak Flemish. The American soldier, son of German parents, would knife the entrails of his own cousin to save a negro comrade with like speech and like traditions. Babel crashed because of complexity of tongues. England is an empire because of linguistic unity.

The American speech of Chicago is not the American of Washington, nor of Texas, nor of New York. Nearly six hundred years ago Geoffrey Chaucer seized the Kent dialect, and by his literary force made it a national language. Other dialects have survived in England, some of them as unintelligible to us as Provençal to a Parisian. but they are not English. It is a labor of futility to shatter the coalescence of half a

millenium, breaking a mighty unified tongue into singular atoms.

Shall San Antone have its own American, and Miami its peculiar tongue? Shall the citizen of Philly whack the citizen of Chi because he spouts a barbaric yawp? The American of New York is but Yiddish to us, the American of Chicago grotesque mouthings inspired by minds whose incertitude of thought produces inexactitude of utterance.

"They is a man" is no more the speech of many millions of American citizens whose blood has been American for some centuries than is Siwash; millions could say "it is him" only with effort.

"American" as a language seems to us only the babel and jabbering of Ellis Island.

If the red-blooded, the bursting-hearted, the foam-and-fury seekers after a fundamental, a living and intense mode of oral expression pursue speech to its elementals, they will find its primal form is the uninflected, agglutinative goo-goo of a new born babe. Only T. S. Eliot could make poetry from that, or make the attempt.

Speech is a fluent and ceaselessly changing tool of thought. New words and phrases which induce new thoughts, or give more exact expression to old thoughts, are the life of any language. But the argot of the vulgarity is only a handful of stock solecisms more banal than congressional oratory, whose original power and imagery, if ever powerful and imaginative, have been worn bare on ten million parrot tongues.

We do not wish to infer that Mr. Weaver lacks consciousness of the true use and reason of language. His American is English, though he may doubt it; its strength lies in its being not Latin. The dramatic power and concise expression of his verse may be judged from these lines of *Ghost*, included in *Finders*:

"I'm coming back and haunt you, don't you fret.  
What if I go as far as Hell away?  
They's things of me that just can't help but stay;  
Whether I want or not, you can't forget . . .  
Don't cry! Which do you think it'll hurt most?  
O God, I don't want to be a ghost."



The emotions and souls of two whole characters are epitomized in those brief lines. Under what damnation has the intense soul fallen who utters that curse—sudden catastrophe or doom by hanging? He knows his woman, she will be false to him. But however she betray him past his death, the eyes of his dead soul will be on her in the shadows of the whitest night.

PERCY WAXMAN includes with other erotic songs in his *Versiflage* (\$1.25) these intense love lines:

"I am fond of a girl, deeply, truly,  
But I know from the loves of the past,  
That my passion, however unruly,  
Somehow or other won't last."

The intense melancholy, the subtle analysis, the throbbing lyricism and passionate satire of these lines leave us mute. As reviewer we cannot review, we can barely view. Fortunately Mr. Waxman has written for initial poem his own review and epitaph:

"You may think these verses of mine  
Are puerile, witless, or rotten;  
You may think there isn't a line,  
That shouldn't be quickly forgotten.  
You may, when you write your review,  
Heap language on me quite mephitic;  
Well, I'd do the same thing as you  
If I had your job as critic."

Dr. Percy Stickney Grant gives us the fruit of his lyre in *A Fifth Avenue Parade* (\$1.75). He essays to transport his consciousness into the heart of the "lower classes," and produces some verse of stand-and-democratic bathos. Sandburg can glorify the masses because he has sweated and hungered and fought and cursed and drunk with them; Dr. Grant has more comprehension of gentlemen who carry gloves and a stick in their right hands when they exercise on the Avenue.

Of his amorous verse we quote as typical:

"I weep not now at her death,  
I weep that no lover had filled  
The need of her heart, so that she  
Longed to lie by his side in her death."

There is a certain undertone in this of the galloping of horses off stage; we await the loud shouted "Whoa!" Compare this lament with Poe's equally unreal and literary grief as he sobs about her

"Who now full lowly lies,  
The light upon her yellow hair, but not within  
her eyes,  
The light still there upon her hair, but not  
within her eyes."

Heaven and earth never saw such grief. But Poe's lines are woven with such fantastic terror that we weep for a woe which never lived, or lived, like Rossetti's anguish for his Blessed Damozel, in a dim luster of tears mistier than the nebula.

JOHN MARR, *and Other Poems* and *The Apple Tree Table, and Other Fables* (both \$5) contain hitherto unpublished work of Herman Melville, collected by the Princeton University Press. The cult of Melville has sprung to new life after decades of neglect; his *Moby Dick* was recently published in beautifully illustrated edition; his collected stories of the sea are finding their way into thousands of private libraries. Perhaps Conrad and McFee have aroused a renewed interest in the "multi-tudinous sea" which has reflected back to Melville.

Melville's poems of the Civil War are crude, but powerful and true in their emotions. He was a soldier; he fought the good fight; he drank the wine of life whose silt is death. A good soldier who writes indifferent verse is a man we'd sooner know than a good poet who is an indifferent soldier.

Melville was a good fighter, but not a good hater. His ringing pleas for brotherhood and tolerance after the War show how quickly the fury of the fight subsided in his large, generous heart. He had no urge to tie the vanquished to any sworded chariot wheels. It is only puerile bleaters, skulking far from the wrack of battle, who make fierce victors when the wars are won.



**GOLDEN BIRD** (\$1.50) is James Oppenheim's new book of verse. Anything which we might say of the beauty of his work would be but foolish under-praise. He has caught the harp of the singer of the *Song of Songs*, which was not Solomon's.

"Is it on the coast of my soul  
That galleons out of Greece are beaching the  
beautiful gods  
And Nausicaa is willowy on the seashore?"

Why do you gaze seaward, sister draped in  
drifting blue?

Is the Wanderer gone, sailing the seas for home?  
Your Wanderer, is he gone?"

But enough. We have quoted the opening lines, and we should like to quote the whole symphonic poem. Robert Hilley's *Alchamy* is the only thing we can think of comparable to it. Since we can't quote the whole poem, we urge you to get it at once.

Another book of verse of lasting power is Witter Bynner's *The New World* (\$1.25). It is an in memoriam done in beautiful meters, with freedom of lyricism which is yet formed and musical:

"That midnight when the moon was tall  
I walked alone by the white lake; yet with a  
vanished race . . .  
To walk with dead men is to pray."

Bynner's *A Book of Plays* (\$2.50) is another new book of the month. Included are *The Little King*, *A Night Wind*, *Tiger*, and *Cycle*, with a translation of *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Their blank verse is well done, but fullness of dramatic sense is lacking. The Chinese, whose literature Bynner has taken to his heart, are not a dramatic race.

A SAD lament on poets is contained in Martha Prouty's *Songs of the South Shore* (\$1.50). There are many pretty little verses; and of the poets we quote:

"What a strange thing a poet is!  
When the green and gold stars and the fizz  
Of his rocket's gone  
The poet's forlorn."

Miss Prouty also would undoubtedly have rhymed water with Porter. Perhaps we should have spelled the word above, gorn. It's good Bostonese; when a Harvard man

says he sore you, he is not condescending to an attempt at slang, but stating that your image was impressed on his retina.

*Songs for Fishermen* (\$2.50), by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams, is a collection of verse from three hundred years which deals with fish, fishermen, and worms. It is a fat volume which the outdoor man will like. Among the best poems included is Rupert Brooke's *Fish*:

"In a cool curving world he lies  
And ripples with dark extasies."

*An Anatomy of Poetry* (\$2.50), by A. William Ellis, is a history of poetry and discussion of the use of criticism. Many modern poets are interpreted, among them Rupert Brooke, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, J. C. Squire, and so on.

*Lyric Forms from France* (\$2.50), by Helen Louise Cohen, is a study of poetic forms borrowed from France and adopted into our language, including excellent collection of ballades, chants royal, rondels, rondeaus, triolets, villanelles, and sestinas. Do you remember Edgar Lee Masters's *Petit, the Poet*?—"Tick, tick, tick, like peas in a pod."

Examples as late as Chesterton and Marquis are included. It is notable that while the French lyric forms have been widely used in our verse-making, far the larger part of that use has been in *vers de société* in satire, humor, or in ballades on ballades, rondeaus on rondeaus, and so on. The Gallic forms are too precise on the whole, and the sharpness of their limits demands intellect rather than feeling. Austin Dobson's famous triolet is included by Miss Cohen:

"I intended an Ode,  
But it turned to a Sonnet.  
It began à la mode;  
I intended an Ode,  
But Rose crossed the road  
In her latest new bonnet—  
I intended an Ode,  
And it turned to a Sonnet."

*Our Poets of Today* (\$2.50), by Howard Willard Cook, is a more complete edition of the monumental tome published in '18. Practically every one who ever rhymed death with breath, or passion with fashion,



or love with anything, is honored by a brief biography and quotation. We are glad to see the inclusion of Salomon de la Selvas, the young Nicaraguan poet whose *Tropical Town* is a thing of fire and heat as tremendous as its name. Do you know de la Selvas's *A Box of Sandalwood*?

Shigeyoshi Obata has translated *The Works of Li-Po* (\$3.50), which fits in well with the Chinese poetical craze which was blown like a bubble by Amy Lowell and pricked by Christopher Morley. Li-Po is a poet a thousand years old; yet much of his verse is fresh as a daisy at dawn. Mr. Obata has given an excellent English rendition of the old Chinese; perhaps the honor of the verse should rest as much with him as with Li-Po, who first scrolled his poetic ideographs by muddy Hwang Kiang. Even a thousand years ago, even in China, Southern girls were known as dangerous for the stranger inexpert in soft flirtations:

"Many a girl of the South is white and lucent.  
In her coquettish eyes  
Lurks the lure of the springtime.  
She will pluck the flowers of the water  
For amorous wayfarers."

THE Broadway title of *Fashions for Men*, the latest play by Franz Molnar, author of *Liliom*, has been changed to *Passions for Men*, no doubt to conform to the spirit of our savage New York males.

*Fashions for Men* (\$2) as published includes also *The Swan*. The title play is a true sentimental comedy, the story of a supremely generous man whose wife left him for a cheap little clerk. "Yes, here I stand like a tree in the park that is only good for lovers to meet under, and cut their names in it with a sharp knife," he says, watching the wife whom he has loved go from him. The mirth is gentle, the sentiment kindly. *The Swan* is a clever comedy, worthy of a Wilde, based on the peacock pride and little kitchen intrigues of European near-royalty.

*Plays—Fifth Series* (\$2.50), by Galsworthy, includes *Loyalties*, *A Family Man*, and *Windows*. The last is also published separately at \$1. *The Third Book of Short Plays* (\$2.50), by Mary MacMillan, con-

tains seven comedies and farces for amateur production. *The National Anthem* (\$1.25) is J. Hartley Manners's comedy success, the starring vehicle of Laurette Taylor; Mr. Manners thinks the national anthem is Jazz.

*Carolina Folk Plays* (\$1.75), edited by Frederick H. Kock, includes five plays by students at the University of North Carolina. The themes are always taken from the soil, or from native tradition. They speak well for the rise of a sense of vivid dramatic literature in the South.

*The Forcing House* (\$2), by Israel Zangwill, brings up memory of his famous *The Melting Pot*, which advertised a phrase now a byword of amateur sociology, and a shibboleth or anathema maranatha to politicians. In the pure Saxon Midwest it used to be "read" by dramatic entertainers at Chautauqua meetings, where under sweltering tents placid farmers' wives sat and fanned themselves with paper fans, bovinely enthralled by Art, and having only faint idea that a melting-pot was something gramma used for boiling hog fat for lard. A foreigner was a person from Quincy, Illinois; and most of them had never seen a Bostonian, much less an alien from such mythical places as Lithuania.

*The Forcing House* is a drama of revolution in a land which may well be Russia, a drama of great force and vision, of tremendous sweeping furies. This howling age we live in, when the world totters to its overset, is not compressible in words. Surely no fiercer heat has burned men since the time of the great discoveries; surely no greater destruction has threatened since Alaric fell on Rome.

No man could seize the spirit of the age; but Zangwill has done as well as man could do. His supreme revolutionist, who aspired to empyr for love of a great queen ("the thought of fondling a queen tickled him, as Napoleon was titillated by an emperor's daughter"), is a character out of Marlowe.

ISAAC GOLDBERG, keen scholar always and observant critic, has written a colossal book, *The Drama of Transition* (\$5), in



which he surveys modern drama in Spain, Italy, France and Germany, the United States, and Russia, with a long chapter on Yiddish drama. He has collected a mass of historical and biographical material, and has kneaded it into a composite whole.

While his view of Russian drama, for instance, is not so complete and so intimate as Oliver M. Sayler's *The Russian Theatre*, he has done a staggering work in filling in the details of his bird's-eye map. It is a book which will be on the desk of every dramatic critic who likes to make casual references to obscure European dramatists as he bites a hunk out of the latest Broadway boom.

Inadvertently we may have uttered a trade secret in that last sentence. It will do you no harm to know that when a literary or dramatic critic sprinkles his periods with casual references to the literatures of ten countries over three thousand years, he has made use of the encyclopedia, a book of quotations, and the work of some wiser scholar than himself. Some critics refer glibly to five hundred books who have never read a single one from first to last.

We assume by this time all our patrons and clients have read the five *Moscow Art Theatre Plays* (\$3), as edited by Oliver M. Sayler and translated by Jennie Covan. Alexei Tolstoy's *Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch*, Maxim Gorky's *The Lower Depths*, and Anton Tchekhoff's *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Three Sisters*, and *Uncle Vanya*, are the five plays of the Moscow players whom Morris Gest brought over from Soviet Russia in middle January to present this repertoire in Russian.

The Russians represent the intellectual fashion of the season, Sayler and Gest started the thing, or perhaps it was the Bolsheviks. Everyone wants to learn about art in a land where good citizens shoot each other through the head with such giddy *sans souciance*.

The plays are selling by the ten thousands. You may be interested to know that their translator, Miss Covan, is the foreign editor of BOOK CHAT.

## Essays & Opinions

IN days when government was conducted by moots, at which the whole tribe assembled, the man with the largest voice was elected king. It is nonsense to suppose it was the man with the largest arm. The man with a thin, squeaking voice had no chance at all.

Under more civilized government the man with the small voice has two recourses: he may hire a hall or write a book. The art of essay writing will never perish so long as men have anything to get off their chests and white paper to receive the burden.

The essayist is not without honor. Men speak of Emerson in the same hushed tones they reserve for funerals. No one now living, to be sure, has read him; but everyone quotes him. Particularly they quote what he said about the man with the mouse-trap in the woods, which Emerson didn't say. Nevertheless it is a great saying, and Emerson was a great essay writer.

People have a repressed terror of essays. They associate them with college required reading. Making *Snappy Stories* required would take the snap from it. Essays are not by nature dull. Quantitatively there are far fewer dull essays than dull romances; by ratio there are probably fewer. Each essayist has viewed a new facet of the quartz of life; while novelists tend to describe the natural phenomenon of osculation with the same old verbs and adjectives.

If you read this, you are an essay reader. If you read *Disenchantment*, or Lawton Mackall's *Bizarre*, or Kenneth Robert's *Sun Hunting*, you are reading various disguised forms of essays.

THE champion essayist of the past month is J. C. Squire, editor of the *London Mercury*, that powder magazine of the British and American Young Explosives.



Squire's *Books Reviewed* (\$2) contains new and stimulating views of literary people and books, always clever and sometimes profound. Under the name of "Solomon Eagle" Squire's *Essays at Large* (\$2) are published. These essays are subtitled *Literary Hors d'Œuvres*, a French phrase, we are informed, which should be translated "out of the works." Squire quotes, in a chapter on "Critics in 1820," the *Quarterly's* review of *Endymion*:

"Reviewers have sometimes been accused of not reading the works which they affect to criticize. On the present occasion we shall anticipate the author's complaint and honestly confess we have not read his book." With that smug know-nothingism the *Quarterly* began to hack and rip at a work which was vastly more important than the *Quarterly*. Of *The Ancient Mariner*, surely a ballad in its mystic qualities without peer in our literature, this same smug sheet said: "It is the strangest story of a cock and bull we ever saw on paper."

Squire's remarks on "The New Style of Memoir" in his *Essays* should particularly be read by the new vulgarity which rushes to print with gabby gossip about its friends and intimates: "It is about time somebody made a heavy protest against the latest form of mummery in which the author takes advantage of opportunities which have been given him as a private person, pillories those who have innocently admitted him to their houses, repeats strictly private conversations, or describes purely private assemblies out of which he would have been promptly booted if anyone had known what he was up to."

THE latest book of Joseph S. Auerbach's literary efforts, the third volume of *Essays and Miscellanies* (\$2.50), contains the noted lawyer's Commencement Day address at George Washington University, a speech delivered to the House Ways and Means Committee, and a welcome to the returned soldiers. The publishers have included some verse, of which we quote:

"If of war's fame we vaunt  
Till throned curse it become,

And we plea of reason flaunt  
At assize of her doom;  
Will through deed Love again have expression,  
or alone in the dust-cover'd tome?"

While few can answer the poet's question offhand, it affords material for thought. It is interesting to note that Mr. Auerbach, in finding the highest spiritual expression to lie in literature, follows other men trained in the law who turned to letters for an intenser expression of emotion than the law allows—for example, John Galsworthy, Harold Armstrong, Judge Dickson, and Lord Verulam, the author of Will Shakespeare's plays.

What we liked best in *Essays and Miscellanies* is Mr. Auerbach's argument before the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court against the suppression of Theodore Dreiser's *The "Genius."* Before this august tribunal, Mr. Auerbach referred to the Society for the Suppression of Vice as "this officious and grotesque Society" which "runs amuck at reputations and property rights, and by threat of arrest does what is equivalent to issuing execution in advance of judgment." No equivocation in that indictment!

"Mr. Dreiser insists that in his uncompromising portrayal of character," Mr. Auerbach's argument continues, "he has invited us to see life as it is, and not as some visionary souls would conceive it to be. Shall the ascetic zealot, the obsequious time-server, the professional reformer, the blatant demagogue or their hired man be commissioned by the Courts to deny him this privilege?"

We recommend careful reading of this argument for its literary understanding, its human philosophy, its justness and its legality, and its force of conviction.

Here we might mention that a little book, *Jurgen and the Law*, is now available with information about a censoring fatuity as amusing as Quixote's assault of the wind-mills.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, the well-known dramatic critic of *Judge*, and editor of *Smart Set* and *Saucy Stories*, has assembled pungent ideas on the seven (or



are they now nine?) arts in *The World in Falseface* (\$2.50). Mr. Nathan has written six books on the theatre, two books of satire, two books of plays, one book of philosophy, and one book of travel in collaboration with H. L. Mencken. This book is catalogued by the publishers as a book of art and life. Art in itself is long. Life is something else again. "Criticism of the arts consists in intellectualization of emotionalism," says Nathan. All critics do not agree with that dictum, however. Some believe that criticism consists in emotionalization of intellectuality; some that criticism should be pure emotionalism, some pure intellectuality. Some believe it should be neither.

H. L. Mencken is a critic who of late is being reviewed almost as much as he reviews. In *Americans* (\$2) Stuart P. Sherman gives Mencken a dirty dig. We recall the full and analytical treatment of Mencken in *Sidelights on American Literature*, by Dr. Fred L. Pattee, published a month or so ago. Drs. Sherman and Pattee both come from the Midwest, which has awaited long in patience, but is now turning to bite the hand which hits it.

*Americans* contains this observation of Sherman on the modern jeune fille: "with ankles whose trimness is, æsthetically speaking, quite the finest thing her family has produced in America, who springs from a grandmother who clumped out in wooden shoes to milk a solitary cow in Sweden. She is exquisite, though the voice is a bit hard and shrill with which she calls out, 'H'lo, kiddo! Let's go to Brentano's!'"

Does Dr. Sherman think Brentano's is a harborage for such silken shallops? But more:

"She delights in the latest books of the English paradoxers and mountebanks, the Scandinavian misanthropes, the German egomaniacs, and above all the later Russian novelists. This welter of her culture she plans on organizing on some strictly modern principle, such as her father applies to his business, such as her brother to his pleasures—a principle of egotistical

combat, a principle of self-indulgence, cynical and luxurious."

And worse, she reads Mencken. Such mental jags may put the virginal mind in hurricane. But it is not proved that she will be a worse citizen or of less value to herself than her grandmother who milked the solitary cow. What is there virtuous or unvirtuous about a solitary cow, even in Sweden?

It is interesting in passing to note that Mencken wrote probably the first definition of a "flapper," in a book published in 1913 or '14. The word was fresh, and his quick wit seized it. A flapper, Mencken said, was a young girl with braids down her back and with skirts touching her ankles. Times change—and skirts.

SOME of Lafcadio Hearn's Japanese gatherings and observations are contained in *Koto* (\$2), subtitled *Japanese Curios and Sundry Cobwebs*. Many quaint and charming tales gathered by Hearn and told in his delicate style perform the service for Japanese folk-lore Brian Brown performed for China in his *Chinese Nights Entertainments*. Many of Hearn's memories of the flowering land he loved are in *Koto*.

We recall recently at a luncheon of the Dutch Treat Club an anecdote told by Irving Bacheller, author of *In the Days of Poor Richard* and *A Man for the Ages*. Bacheller was managing editor of a newspaper up State when a timid, half-blind, unaggressive sort of man came in with a request for work. Before Bacheller had time to refuse this new aspirant for newspaper cubdom, fire bells began to ring. A general alarm was turned in. Every man on Bacheller's paper was sent to cover the holocaust, even the office devil. "If you think you are a newspaper man, chase out and get some news," said Bacheller, or words to that effect. The paper was going to press that night when the stranger, whom Bacheller had forgotten came back. He sat down and began to write hurriedly, holding his pencil in a cramped claw, his face not five inches from the page, writing



a swift and beautiful hand. Bacheller snatched the first sheet as it was finished and glanced over it. The power of expression, the imagery, the visualization were so remarkable Bacheller rushed to stop the presses while the new newspaper man finished his story of the great fire. "That, gentlemen," said Mr. Bacheller, "was the beginning of the literary career of Lafcadio Hearn."

IN *Occasions* (\$2), by Holbrook Jackson, author of *The Eighteen-Nineties*, that charming literary and social history of the gaudy *fin-de-siècle* period, is a chapter called, "Why Do We Laugh?" All of us don't. Holbrook Jackson's *Occasions* rings with epigrams; it is a book bookmen cannot miss. "A book must be soiled to be virtuous," is one pleasing bon mot.

Another book of W. H. Hudson, biologist and lover of beauty, is *A Hind in Richmond Park* (\$5). Episodes from his rich life, curious remarks on anthropology, bits of zoological lore, and observations on the arts, constitute a full and satisfying book. Hudson more than any man we know linked science with literature. He held to the dream while seeking the truth; which is the best way for enlarging the dream and ennobling the truth.

*English Words and Their Backgrounds* (\$2.50), by Dr. George McKnight, is absorbing reading for the amateur philologist. A valuable contribution to scholarship is his tracing of approximately three hundred Latin words which were current in Old English, the so-called Anglo-Saxon. Such words as "way" and "street" and "camp" are obvious; it is curious to learn that many Latin words have dropped from the tongue, perhaps returning via French. We heartily and not too humbly urge this book on writers of American who have no conception of the historical origins of the powerful English speech, nor inkling of the philosophy and function of language.

B. W. Matz's *Dickensian Inns and Taverns* (\$3) is illustrated with many quaint cartoons of the publics in which the great humorist loved to loiter. What is Dickens

without a tavern? No more than Herge-sheimer without a bright shawl, or Chesterton without a sword, or Fitzgerald without a silver flask of gin in the left hind pocket.

Imaginative letters from historical characters form *Dead Letters* (\$1.75) by Maurice Baring. They are many and amusing. A letter from Claudia on Lesbia Illa, "that Lesbia woman," is a rich bit of satire. Was Catullus himself satirical when he urged: "*Da mi basia mille, diende centum?*" After the hundred, by geometrical progression, ten, and then one. After that, nothing.

We pause to say that Harry Kemp, author of *The Passing God*, *Chanteys and Ballads*, and *Tramping on Life*, has written from Catullus a powerful and sorrowfully beautiful trilogy of poems on "the sparrow in Hades," which will be included in his next book of verse.

Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, of the Episcopalian faith, has recently come into such newspaper publicity as a show lady would give her ears to have, ears being an unused beauty with show ladies. His newest book of *Essays* (\$1.75) should find a wide audience. He deals with Bernard Shaw, among other things, with Dostoevsky and the religion of Shakespeare, three rather large matters.

IN the general inclusion of *Essays and Opinions* we may note *British Sporting Artists from Barlow to Herring* (\$15), by Walter Shaw Sparrow. Biographies and entertaining discussion accompany a large number of illustrations in color and half-tone of hunting scenes. The favorite theme is of the spotted, baying hounds, and the horses leaping hedge or fence.

*American Individualism* (\$1) is a short survey of modern social trends by Herbert Hoover. *The Significance of the Fine Arts* (\$3.50) is a work collaborated in by ten noted architects and sculptors, among them Ralph Adams Cram and Lorado Taft. It includes a chapter on city planning, and is an excellent explanation and justification of the "practicality" of the arts. Pouf!



Anyone but a dunderhead knows that practicality, efficiency, the best work done in the best way, demands the forethought and broad vision of art. But still the book is necessary.

An interesting book is *Elementary Equitation* (\$3.50), by Baretto de Souza, Count. He says (the punctuation his): "Just as no 'gentleman' will, or ought to, associate in daily life with people of disreputable character, and degraded morals, except in doing missionary work, so, no refined person should associate with any vicious, disreputable or roguish horse." *There* is food for thought; yea, hay. Few people pause to consider how low association with a bad equine actor may bring them till they are dumped in a muddy ditch.

Other late books of wide popular appeal are *Playing the Game of Auction Bridge* (\$2), by Herbert M. Federhen; *First Principles of Advertising* (\$1.50), by Wilbur D. Nesbit; *The Advertising Year Book for 1922* (\$2), by Noble T. Pragg; and *How to Play Mah Jong* (\$1.50), by Jean Bray.

Eighteen hundred, odd, quotations and examples to be used in sermons are contained in *A Modern Cyclopedia of Illustrations for All Occasions* (\$3), by G. B. F. Hallock. *Strenuous Epigrams* (75c) are culled from the works of Theodore Roosevelt. *History of American Red Cross Nursing* (\$5) is a tremendous book of 1562 pages, covering the work of the Red Cross in war, and in peace among city slums and in rural backwoods of disease and ignorance. It seems to us to offer a reasonable refutation of the bitter attack on the nursing profession contained in a current journal.

*Cheating the Junk Pile* (\$3) gives explanation of devices to save household labor; its author, Ethel R. Peyser, explains the fundamentals of economic household management. *Eating Vitamines* (\$1.25) is a simple discussion of nutrition by Houston Goudiss, with sample menus. *The Stag Cook Book* (\$1.50), by C. Mac Sheridan contains the favorite recipes of famous men, most of them bachelors who by their

culinary skill have warded off all assaults on their hearts via the stomach. Dr. Eliot expresses fondness for clam soup; A. Hamilton Gibbs hungers for squab en casserole; Stephen Vincent Benet (no longer free to cook his own) cherishes a secret passion for macaroni stew. Other loves are that of Douglas Fairbanks for bread tarts, of Charles Evans Hughes for corn bread, of William Bryan for French fried onions, and of Dr. Livingston Farrand for sausages and griddle cakes. Yes, and we must not forget Florenz Ziegfeld's little chicken tarts.

This is called a cook book for men, but we imagine maiden ladies beyond the dubious age will learn it by rote, like the Koran.

*THE BEAUTIFUL NECESSITY* (\$2.50), by Claude Bragdon, is published in new edition. This remarkably stimulating book is a discussion of the mystical basis of geometry and of the geometrical basis of art. Bragdon is distinctly a Pythagorean, as Mrs. Boyd confessed herself in our previous issue.

*The Art and Business of Interior Decoration* (\$5), by B. Russell Herts, is a book for professional decorators, illustrated by photographs of model rooms and including theatre scening. *The Practical Book of House Furnishing* (\$6.50), by E. S. Holloway, explains the elements of good taste, together with illustrated suggestions for securing various effects in city apartments and small houses. *Be Your Own Decorator* (\$3) is another book with suggestions for beautifying the home; its author is Emily Burbank.

Mark Hambourg advises the pianist never to make faces while playing, nor to keep the elbows stuck out, in his *How to Play the Piano* (\$2). His book contains elementary and advanced instruction and exercises whereby the piano may be mastered without the supervision of a teacher.

L. H. Cadwallader tells of *Business Forms and Customs for Everyday Use* (\$1.50), with diagrams and illustrations. Mary C. Crowther gives forms for per-



sonal and business correspondence in *The Book of Letters* (\$2). F. Morley Fletcher tells about *Wood-Block Printing* (\$3). Sidney Farnsworth gives a history of *Illumination* (\$6), a résumé of the art of fine lettering from Egyptian hieratic writing to its use in modern printing, with many illustrations. An anonymity writes a sensible and lively book on *Business Etiquette* (\$2), telling how to treat employers, employees, customers, and others met in business, together with advice about business ethics.

Other instruction in games, besides the Mah Jong book noted above, is contained in *The Middle Game in Chess* (\$3.50), by E. A. Znosko-Borovsky; *Inside Checkers* (\$2), by Walton W. Walker; and *Football and How to Watch It* (\$3), by Percy D. Haughton. It has been suggested that the way to watch it is with a bottle which won't break on the cement seats of the Bowl.

**L**EST the generation now in the cradle shall perish for lack of new tales of lovers, murdered men, cowboys with gatling guns, wives with complexes, and lobstermen with chorus girls, we have seven new books on the art and business of writing. Shortly we may see the day when each man writes his own book.

*The Business of Writing* (\$2), by Robert Cortes Holliday and Alexander van Rensselaer, contains much good business advice on writing and selling what is written. This

comprises the practical and informative articles originally published in the *Bookman*. Included is a chapter on "Why Be an Author?", a question we do not believe satisfactorily answered.

Arthur Sullivan Hoffman, editor of *Adventure* and one of the keenest fiction judges before whose bar trembling young authors are haled, tells what are *The Fundamentals of Fiction Writing* (\$1.50). He states facts which appear elementary as he states them, yet which few authors have ever analyzed. As a stimulant of self-criticism it is invaluable.

*Modern Photoplay Writing* (\$3), by Howard T. Dimick, is a book by a successful scenario-maker for the three hundred thousand aspirants who are trying to gain immortality on the silver screen. *Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence* (\$2.50), by Grant Milnor Hyde, is a book for people whose literary aspirations are not so high. *The Young Man and Journalism* (\$2) contains a survey of possibilities in a newspaper career, and suggestions of how they may be realized; the author is Chester S. Lord, long managing editor of the *New York Sun*.

George Polti has written a book on *The Art of Inventing Characters* (\$2.50), and Culpeper Chunn a book on *Plotting the Short Story* (\$1).

We hereby write a brief book on how to write *Finis*, which is with a period.

## February Sale of Fine Sets at 10 per cent. Off

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Fielding

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AND MANY OTHERS

(A few current subscription sets only excluded)



# Foreign Books.

FOR the first time in years the Prix Goncourt has been awarded for two books, both by the same author. They are Henri Beraud's *Le Martyre de l'Obèse*, a satire on a fat man's love troubles, and *Le Vitriol de Lune*, depicting the murder of Louis XV.

Émile Baumann's novel *Job le Prédestiné* received le Grand Prix Balzac, and Jacques de Lacretelle was given le Prix Fémina for *Silbermann*, an exposé of anti-semitism so inimical to the career of many promising Jewish youths.

Although it has received no literary prizes, Romain Rolland's *Annette et Sylvie* is deserving of particular attention. It is the first episode of the new series called *L'Âme enchantée*. The book describes, whimsically and with delicate insight, the spiritual and material life of two young girls brought together by a trick of fate.

## French.

### FICTION

ANET, Claude. *L'Amour en Russie*. 75c.

A love episode in the lives of three distinct types of Russian women. An intimate glimpse into the Slav soul.

BAUMANN, Émile. *Job le Prédestiné*. 85c.

An interesting novel, recently awarded the Grand Prix Balzac.

BERAUD, Henri. *Le Martyre de l'Obèse*. 75c.

The pathetic story of a fat love-sick Romeo who, after numerous harrowing experiences, finally wins the lady of his heart, only to lose her because of his grotesque appearance.

—*Le Vitriol de Lune*. 75c.

A vivid, colorful, intensely dramatic account of a daring plot to kill Louis XV, the murderer successfully evading justice, only to pay the penalty in a tragic unexpected manner.

GIRADOUX, Jean. *Siegfried et le Limousin*. 75c.

The story of a shell-shocked French soldier whose memory is a blank and who is cared for by Germans, and made to believe he is one of them. Complications follow his sudden mental recovery, bringing the book to an absorbing climax.

LACRETELLE, Jacques de. *Silbermann*. 85c.

The pathetic struggle of a Jew trying to gain artistic recognition, ultimately forced to renounce his aspirations, because of strong religious prejudice against him.

ROLLAND, Romain. *L'Âme enchantée*; first part—*Annette et Sylvie*. 85c.

A stirring novel dealing with two girls who meet accidentally and discover that they are sisters. Told with the author's usual delicacy of sentiment and keen analytical insight into the human heart and soul.

SARMENT, Jean. *Jean-Jacques de Nantes*. 85c.

The story of a gentle, kindly soul, an



easy victim of adverse circumstances and selfish, unscrupulous people.

VIoux, Marcelle. *L'Ephémère*. 85c.

The romance of a little Cinderella of the factories who flits through life much after the fashion of the butterfly.

### POETRY

LES GHAZELS DE HAFIZ. \$1.25.

An artistic edition of love sonnets in free verse translated from the Persian by Ch. Devillers.

GÉRARD, Rosemonde. *Les Pipeaux*. 75c.

A collection of charming poems by the wife of Edmond Rostand, for long years out of print and a literary rarity.

### JUVENILE

The following charmingly written and well-illustrated French books will delight the little folks between the ages of five and ten.

ANDRÉ, Jacqueline. *Les malheurs de Pierrot*. 90c.

BRÉMAUD, Yvonne. *Soeurette et Frérot*. \$1.35.

GUTCH, E. *L'Entente cordiale des bébés*. 90c.

MÉTIVET, Lucien. *Délurette et Lambine*. \$2.50.

### ART BOOKS

We carry at the present time an extensive stock of very beautiful foreign art books, a few of which we are offering here.

Sent free upon request: Catalog of Foreign Art Books just issued.

*Ars Asiatica*.—Vol. IV: *Les sculptures Chames*, by H. Parmentier. \$12.50.

*Les Animaux dans L'Art Chinois*, by H. D'Ardenne de Tizac. \$30.00

*Henri de Braekeller*, par Gustave Vanzype, illustrated. \$19.00.

*Leon Bakst*, the story of his life, with text by André Lévinson, profusely illustrated with original reproductions from his works. \$60.00.

A most interesting contribution to the study of modern Russian art.

BERNANOSE, Marcel. *Les arts décoratifs au Tonkin*. Illustrated. \$3.25.

*La Chiesa di Santa Barbara al Vecchio Cairo*, by Patricolo and Monneret de Villard. Interesting monograph with 59 plates. \$20.00.

*Les Dessins de Dégas* collected and published by Henri Rivière, first and second installments, each. \$32.70.

This work is to be completed in five parts.

Marvelous reproductions (published by Demotte) of Dégas' drawings.

DELTEIL, Loys. *Le peintre-graveur illustré: Francisco Goya*, in two volumes, illustrated. \$12.50.

*Documents D'Art Séries: The Louis the XV Furniture* by Dumonthier. \$6.00.

Chests, drawers, commodes, and corner-pieces.

FAURE, Gabriel. *Aux bords du Rhône*. Paper. \$8.75.

Trip along the banks of the Rhone describing the natural and architectural beauties, with many illustrations.

GEFFROY, Gustave. *Claude Monet, sa vie, son temps, son œuvre*. \$16.00.

Excellent monograph with 54 illustrations.

GIAFFERRI, P. L. de. *Histoire du costume féminin français, depuis le moyen-âge jusqu'à nos jours*, complete in 10 parts, each. \$3.75.

A highly instructive work on French costumes, giving details not found in other publications.

GUYOT, Ch. *Le printemps sur la neige, et d'autres contes du bon vieux temps*, beautifully illustrated by Rackham, paper. \$10.00.

CLÉMENT-JANIN. *La curieuse vie de Marcellin Desboutin, peintre, graveur, poète*, with numerous illustrations in the text. \$9.50.

*L'Art Religieux du XII<sup>me</sup> siècle en France. Étude sur les origines de l'iconographie du moyen-âge*, par Emile Male. \$10.00.

Completing the excellent studies covering the other periods of the French art in the Middle Ages.



MARTIN, Henri. *La Miniature française du XIII<sup>me</sup> au XV<sup>me</sup> siècles* with 134 reproductions of miniatures, a few in colors. \$25.00.

RÉAL, Daniel. *La décoration primitive*. Vol. II, *Océanie*. \$9.50.

Monograph on the art of the savages in all the continents, vol. I, Africa, has appeared before.

VERHAEREN, Emile. *Les villes à pignons*, illustré par Cassiers. \$45.

A marvel of an illustrated book, the colored illustrations reproduced with an exquisite touch of delicacy.

### MISCELLANEOUS

DUMAS, Alexandre. *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, 2 vol. Paper. \$3.75.

With numerous woodcuts by V. Dutertre. A new, well-printed and interesting illustrated edition.

FLEURET ET PERCEAU. *Les satyres françaises du XVI<sup>me</sup> siècle*; in 2 vol. Paper. \$5.

Contains extracts of Baif, Bellay, Ronsard, Grévin, Fresnaye, Daix, Aubigné and others, with notes.

GEORGE GAULIS, Berthe. *Angora, Constantinople, Londres*. \$1.

A valuable insight into events which once more threaten to disturb the world's peace.

GROS, Johannes. *Alexandre Dumas et Marie Duplessis*. \$1.50.

Biographical sketch on the protagonists of *La Dame aux camélias*.

GUILLoteaux, Eriquer. *Les joyeux compagnons des îles du soleil. Aux rives magiques de l'insulinde*. \$1.25.

Interesting notes on a trip to Malaysia, with numerous snapshots of the country and its people.

LAFAYETTE, Mme. de. *La princesse de Clèves*. Paper. \$2.50.

A masterpiece of bookmaking, printed on the French Government press.

LALOU, René. *Histoire de la littérature française contemporaine de 1870 à nos jours*. \$1.25.

LENÔTRE, Georges. *L'Affaire Perlet*. \$1.25.

Being the account of numerous political crimes which occurred under the revolution and the Empire.

MOREUX, L'abbé Thomas. *Origines et formation du monde*. \$3.75.

The author is attracting great attention in France by his new presentation of astronomy.

PHAILLARÈS, Michel. *Le Kémalisme devant les alliés*. \$1.25.

Being the revelations of an eye-witness of French politics in the Orient.

ROCHELLE, Drieu La. *Mesure de la France*. 60c.

A portrayal of France's younger generation, sophisticated and hardened through war, excessive sports and recreation.

SEILLIÈRE, Ernest. *Émile Zola*. 85c.

TOUSSAINT, France. *Le Jardin des Roses*. \$1.

Traduit du persan, avec préface par la comtesse de Noailles.

UNE FAMILLE DE GRANDS MUSICIENS. *Mémoires de Louise Hérítte-Viardot, recueillies par Louise Hérítte de la Tour*. \$1.10.

*Papyrus*, numéro spécial de typographie. \$1.

A detailed comprehensive treatise on typography.

*Paris L'an Neuf (1923)*. \$1.25.

An illustrated review of all the arts for the preceding year with eleven illustrations.

*Jar Ptitsa*, No. 8, the Russian art periodical. \$1.25.

This number has just been issued and is now available together with the preceding seven numbers.

*A Project of Eternal Peace. Projet de paix perpétuelle*. \$7.50.

The original of this pamphlet was presented to Benjamin Franklin, while ambassador in Paris, by a *forçat* who had been sent to the galleys for his political views. Franklin reprinted it himself on his private press at Passy, showing that he attached much value to the ideas expressed.



The present edition, which is limited to 1,000 copies reproduces the original pamphlet, and an excellent translation by G. S. Eddy, who edited, prefaced and published the work, which besides being an interesting contribution to the study of Franklin is an unusual piece of typography, the arrangement and composition having been made entirely by the master craftsman Bruce Rogers.

COMTE DE LA VAULX, TISSANDIER AND DOLLFUS. *L'Aéronautique, des origines à 1922*. \$25.

A political history of the stepping-stones of this latest science, reproducing documents relating to flying from the earliest drawings of Leonardo da Vinci to the latest achievements of the aeroplane. Only 500 copies printed.

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COUÉ, Emile. *La maîtrise de soi-même par l'autosuggestion consciente*. 30c.

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HEIDENSTAM, V. von. *Fem Berättelser* (Five stories in English-Swedish).

DANTE'S *Inferno*. Italian-English text.



### FICTION

BEREND, Alice. *Frau Hempels Tochter*. 75c.  
A humorous novel.

EICHACKER, Reinhold. *Panik*. \$1.

A Utopian sketch in novel form of an American Radio Station and Observatory fifty years hence.

EJE, And. *Se. Excellenz von Madagaskar*. \$1.

A detective story.

ELVESTAD, Sven. *Lizzie*. 80c.

A detective story.

EULENBERG, Herbert. *Liebesgeschichten*. \$1.

Latest collection of short stories by Eulenberg, now lecturing in the United States.

EWERS, Hanns Heinz. *Mein Begraebnis, und andere seltsame Geschichten*. \$1.25.

GRABEIN, Paul. *Der Wille zum Leben*. \$1.

HAAS, Rudolf. *Auf lichter Hoehe*. \$1.

HARTEN-HOENCKE, Toni. *Reifende Saaten*. \$1.50.

The author of this brilliant novel, whose identity is concealed by a pseudonym, is a German woman, well known in German-American literary circles, her husband was a lecturer at Harvard for many years.

HEER, J. C. *Tobias Heider*. \$1.35.

Ein ächter Schweizerman.

HELLER, Frank. *Karl Bertils Sommer*. \$1.

MARTENS, Kurt. *Roman aus der Decadence*. \$1.



RATZKA, Clara. *Die Raetzels von Odry*. \$1.

The author is now visiting our country as a representative of Germany's leading magazine. The scene of her novel is laid in Danzig.

SCHRECKENBACH, Paul. *Das Recht des Kaisers*. \$1.25.

A historical novel of the reign of the Hohenstaufen Emperors.

SOLUNEY, Heinrich. *Die Lebendigen und die Toten*. \$1.

STILGEBAUER, Edw. *Der Garten Eden*. \$1.

STRATZ, Rudolf. *Der Platz an der Sonne*. \$1.

A novel of the Germany of 1900-1908, during her struggle for colonies.

SUDERMANN, Hermann. *Das Bilderbuch meiner Jugend*. \$1.35.

VIEBIG, Klara. *Unter dem Freiheitsbaum*. \$1.25.

A historical novel describing the miseries of the French occupation of the Rhineland under Napoleon.

WENGER, Rosa. *Die Wunderdoktorin*. \$1.

ZAPP, Arthur. *Im Frauenstaat*. \$1.

A novel of the future.

## PLAYS

GOERING, Reinhard. *Seeschlacht*. \$1.

HAUPTMANN, Gerhart. *Rose Bernd*. 75c.

SCHOENHERR, Karl. *Vivat academia*. 65c.

SCHOENHERR, Karl. *Maitanz*. 65c.

## MISCELLANEOUS

FILCHER, Wilhelm. *Zum sechsten Erdteil*. \$2.

The exploration of the Antarctic.

*Holbein der Juengere*, herausgegeben von Joseph Bernhart. \$3.

*Delacroix von Julius Meier—Graefe*. \$3.50.

With 162 illustrations.

*Ruecker-Emden, Chinesische Fruehkeramik*. \$10.

With 42 illustrations and 46 plates.

*Handzeichnungen Deutscher Meister im 15. und 16. Jahrhundert*. \$15.

Herausgegeben von Max J. Friedlaender und Elfried Bock.

*Generaloberst Helmuth von Moltke, Erinnerungen, Briefe, Dokumente*. \$2.50.

Interesting documents of the German Chief of Staff at the outbreak of the war.

BROCKHAUS' *Handbuch des Wissens* Bd. 2. \$4.50.

The most popular, up-to-date encyclopedia of German knowledge, 2 vols. issued so far. To be complete in about 4 vols.

*Wer ist's*. 1923 edition. \$4.

The German "Who's Who," not published since 1914. A valuable reference book for every desk and library.

## Two German Authors Lecturing in the United States at Present

EULENBERG, Herbert. *Deutsche Sonette*. (75c). *Auf halbem Wege*. Ein Roman (\$1.25). *Der Bankrott Europas*. Erzählungen (\$1.25). *Der Spion*. Ein Lustspiel (50c). *Der Frauentausch*. Ein Spiel (85c). *Die Insel*. Ein Spiel (85c). *Simson*. Tragoedie und ein Satyrspiel (85c). *Der Uebergang*. Eine Tragoedie (\$1.60). *Belinde*. Ein Liebesstueck (\$1.25). *Mueckentanz*. Ein Spiel (\$1.65). *Die Welt ist krank*. Ein Stueck von heute (\$1.65). *Muenschhausen—Leidenschaft—Kurt von der Kreith*. 3 Spiele (80c). *Ulrich, Fuerst von Waldeck*. Ein Schauspiel (65c). *Die Nachtseite*. Ein Spiel (60c). *Karus und Daedalus*. Ein Oratorium. (50c). *Kleinselige Zeiten*. Schwank (60c). *Komoedien der Ehe*. Ein Spiel (65c). *Kuenstler und Kati-linier*. Ein Schauspiel (50c). *Anna Walewska*. Eine Tragoedie (50c). *Der Morgen nach Kunersdorf*. Ein Vaterlaendisches Stueck (50c). *Alles um Geld*. Ein Stueck (60c). *Ritter Blaubart*. Ein Maerchen-Stueck (60c).

RODA, Roda. *Die sieben Leidenschaften*. (50c). *Von Bienen, Drohnen und Baronen* (50c).



# Spanish.

ARANAZ, Castellanos. *El negocio de doña Francisca*. 80c.

Cuadros vascos, quinta serie.

ARNICHES, F. *La sublime inquietud*. 70c.

Novela interesante: el protagonista es un cultísimo marino de carácter soñador y sentimental que tomó el amor en serio.

CASO, A. *Ensayos críticos y polémicos*. 50c.

Colección de trozos escogidos de filosofía y moral de este insigne comentarista, pensador y filósofo, figura sobresaliente de la intelectualidad hispano-americana.

DE CAVIA, M. *Limpia y fija*. . . 80c.

Primer tomo de las obras completas del gran maestro de las letras castellanas. Caracteriza a las obras de Cavia una corrección exquisita y la sátira fina y amena que enseña con deleite e ilustra con erudición.

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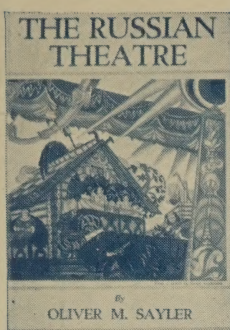


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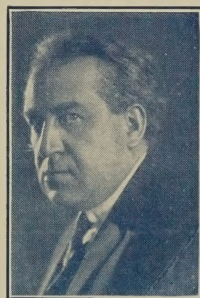
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